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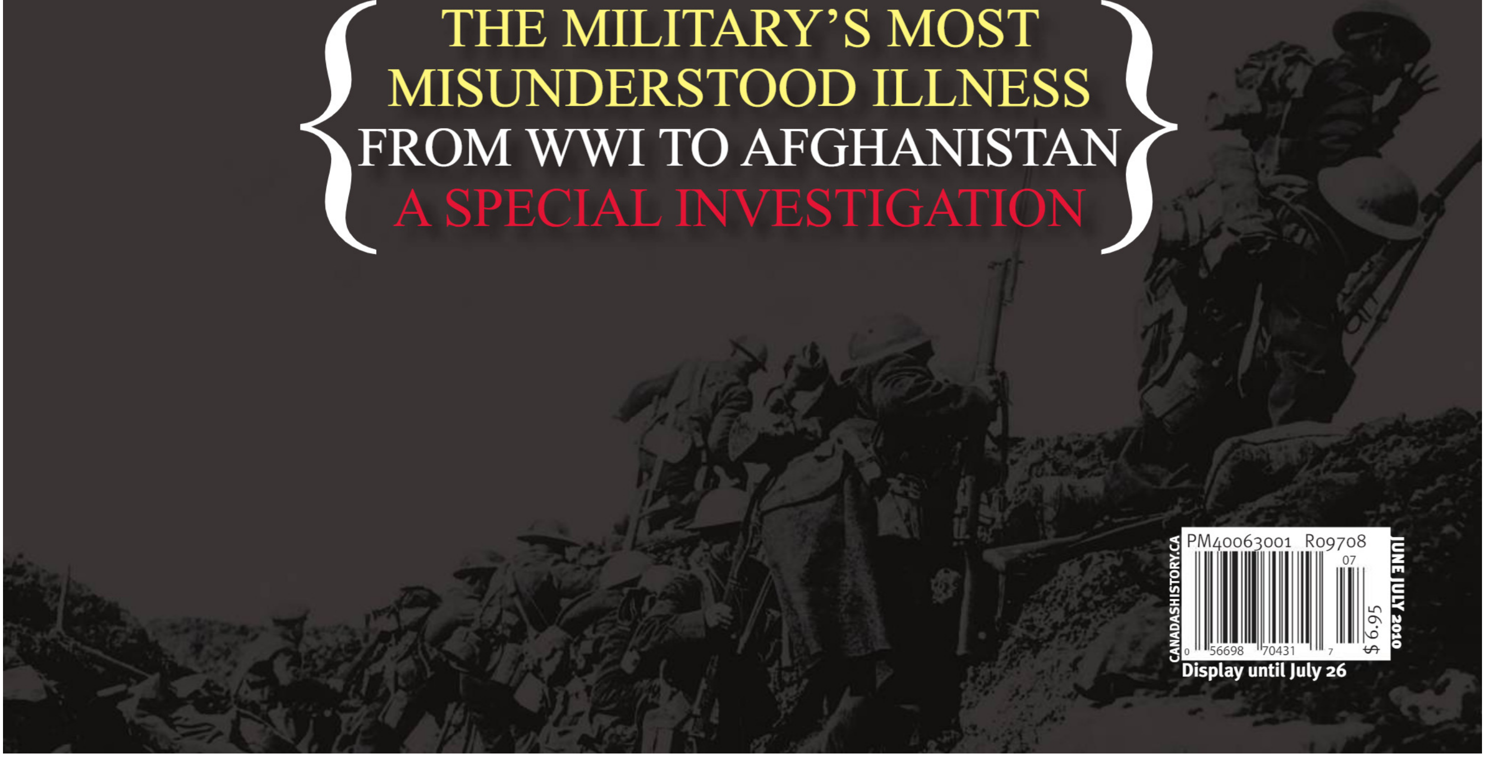

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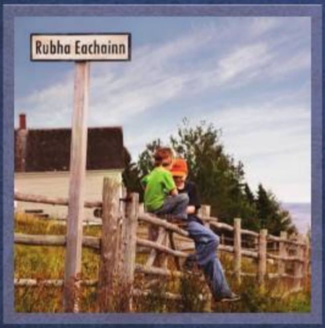
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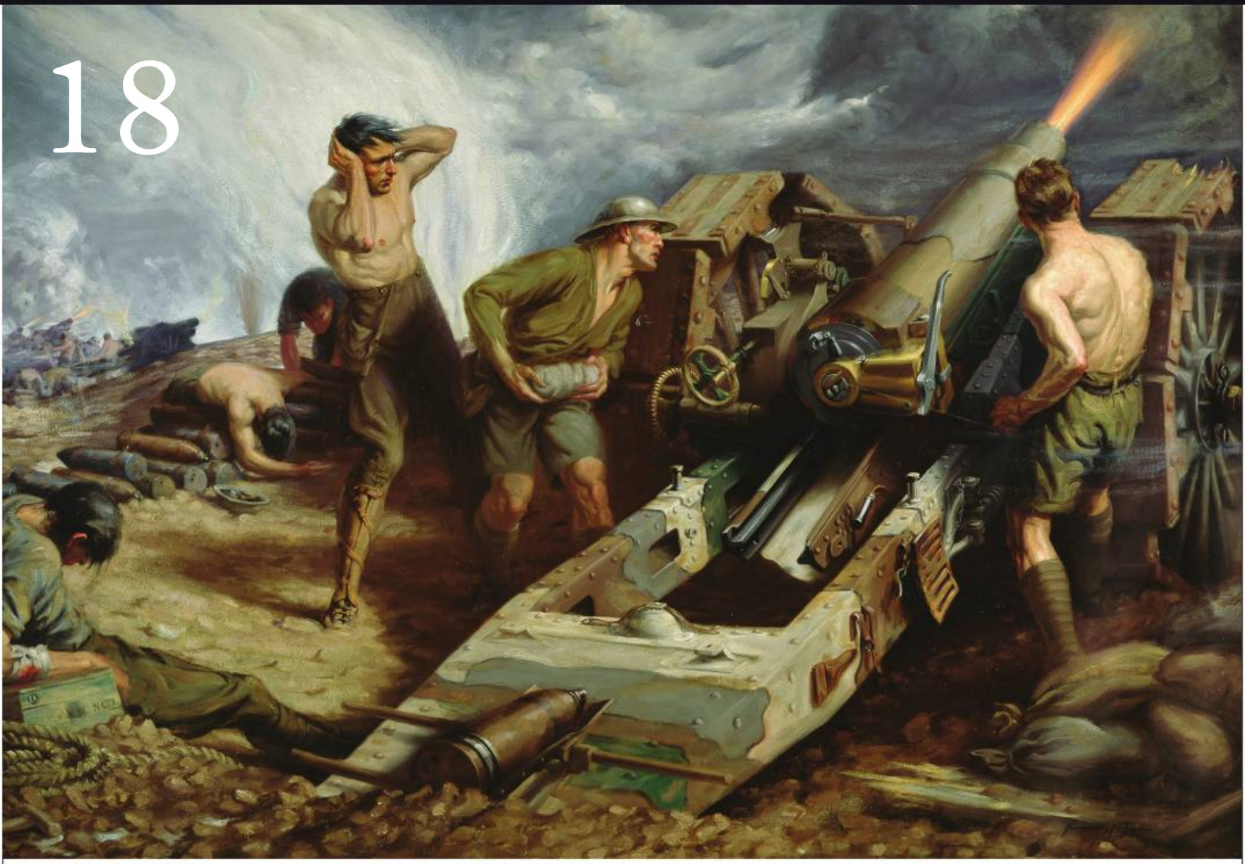

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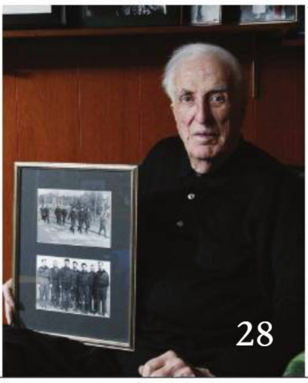

COVER: OVER THE TOP, 1916, WILLIAM IVOR CASTLE /CANADIAN PRESS

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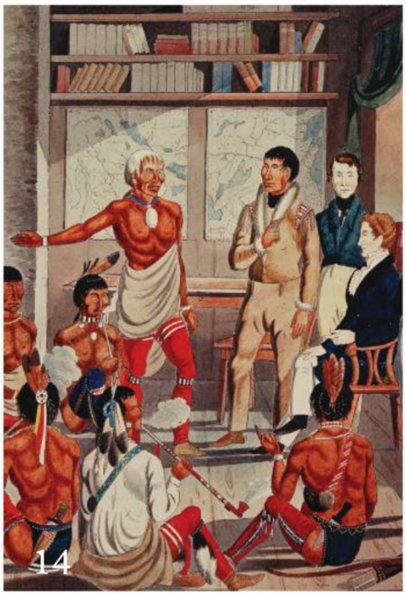

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Canada's History
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M4P 3E5 Canada
Phone: 1-888-816-0997
Fax: (416) 932-2488
E: memberservices@CanadasHistory.ca

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Canada

EDITOR'S NOTE

The Great War of the mind

There are only two species that actually go to war, men and ants. There is no possibility of any change in the ants.
— Prime Minister John Diefenbaker, March 13, 1964

After the end of the madness that was the First World War, soldiers on all sides stumbled home from the killing fields to try to rebuild their shattered lives.

For many, such an endeavour was impossible. Having suffered terrible wounds on the battlefield, they carried the scars with them forever.

Men in the prime of their lives found themselves suddenly fitted with prosthetics, relying on crutches or wheelchairs for mobility. Blinded by mustard gas, deafened by the constant bombardment of artillery, each was a visible reminder of the horrors of war.

Those on the home front likely felt both pride and pity for these veterans, for it was their "noble sacrifice" that had helped to defeat the Germans and their allies.

Less fortunate were the thousands of soldiers who had suffered wounds of the mind. Those who were diagnosed with shell shock had to deal with the stigma surrounding the sickness. Whispers of cowardice and malingering likely stung like daggers.

And then there were the many who stifled their symptoms, burying them deep inside. As these soldiers grew older, their families and friends often wondered in frustration why the men they loved had changed so much, and why they seemed so damned reluctant even to speak about their wartime experiences.

It's been almost a full century since the phrase *shell shock* was coined. In that time, the name for the condition has changed and changed again. Treatments have fallen into, and out of, favour.

And yet, whether it's called battle fatigue, or post-traumatic stress disorder, or operational stress injury, one thing — the stigma surrounding shell shock — lingers.

In this issue, we explore the history of shell shock and the terrible personal toll it exacted on those afflicted by it.

It's a journey that will take you from the trenches of World War I to the prison camps of World War II, from the highlands of Korea to the steaming jungles of Vietnam, and yes, even to a modern military base in Canada, where discrimination against soldiers with "operational stress injuries" is still a troubling reality.

Award-winning historians and authors Tim Cook, Dennis Duffy, and Ted Barris will introduce you to the men who suffered from shell shock, as well as those who tried to treat it.

As you'll see, the cures were often as cruel as the illness. And the overriding goal of treatment? To return men to combat as quickly as possible.

In the end, there are no victors in the Great War of the mind. Only victims.

Mark Reid

Mark Reid, Editor-in-Chief
editors@canadashistory.ca

MARIANNE HELM

Contributors

Tim Cook is the First World War historian at the Canadian War Museum. His two-volume set, *At the Sharp End* and *Shock Troops*, won the 2007 J. W. Dafoe Book Prize, 2008 Ottawa Book award, and the 2009 Charles Taylor Prize for Literary Non-Fiction. Cook is also an adjunct research professor of history at Carleton University.

Ted Barris is a journalist, broadcaster, and a best-selling author. He 's hosted for CBC Radio and has written for the *Globe and Mail* and *National Post*. Barris is also a professor of journalism at Centennial College. He has written sixteen non-fiction books; his latest, *Deadlock in Korea*, comes out this spring.

Deborah Grey, OC MP, was the first first Reform Party member elected to the House of Commons. She served as MP from 1989 to 2004, and was the first woman to be named leader of the official Opposition. In this issue, she writes on the ninetieth anniversary of women winning the right to sit in Parliament.

Ken McGoogan is the author of four Canadian best-sellers, including *Fatal Passage*. His awards include the the Writers' Trust of Canada Drainie-Taylor Biography Prize and the Pierre Berton Award. This autumn he will publish *How the Scots Invented Canada*. With this issue, he joins *Canada's History* as a columnist.

A fitting farewell

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As a long-time reader of *The Beaver*, I, like others, was disappointed to see the name change. However, I completely understand the reasoning behind the change and, if nothing else, perhaps the publicity will bring more readers to this outstanding publication.

My work colleagues are well aware of my passion for Canadian history and for my collection of beavers. So, with a tear in my eye and a maple-flavoured beverage, we bid *The Beaver* adieu. It was a wonderful wake. Here's a photo we took depicting the farewell event.

All the best with *Canada's History*.

Kim M. Wilkes
Edmonton, Alberta

Roots rewarding

I am a long-time reader of *"Formerly The Beaver"* and now a subscriber.

Whatever the magazine is called, Dave Obee's "Roots" column is a welcome addition. The most recent one — "At your service," April-May 2010 — leads family historians to the online Bibliography of the Prairie Provinces, which is a real treasure.

As a librarian and self-appointed family historian, this source is remarkable.

I own a copy of the original Peel's Bibliography, and the online version is wonderful for researchers. I am passing on this information to all my kin and others in the branches of the Ontario Genealogical Society to which I belong. This online version is a real window to the West. Thank you, Dave Obee.

Gail Benjafield
St. Catharines, Ontario

Turning the tide

I read with interest the essay by Mark Reid ("A River Divided," April-May 2010) on the restoration of the tidal nature of the Petitcodiac River at Moncton, New Brunswick.

Having just spent a few days visiting my father, who has lived by the Petitcodiac for ninety-two years and counting, it is fascinating to recount his youth when "you could hear the rush of the tidal bore as you fell asleep at night."

I too recall playing tag and double-dare as a child on the mud flats to see who would be the last to scramble up the riverbank as the bore swept up the river. Of course that was a time when the Petitcodiac marshes still supported cattle and haying activities.

I took a walk along the river where much dike construction is now taking place, and found remnants of what my grandfather termed "the old French dike."

The restored "Acadian dikes" are being built with huge backhoes and concrete bunkers, and there were upwards of twenty-five of these big machines working along the river while I was there in mid-March. They must be expecting some horrendous tides.

Stuart Cox
Calgary, Alberta

[Editor's note: To see photos of the dike restoration project, go to CanadasHistory.ca.]

Picture perfect

I am writing to let you know I found my picture in the Currents section of your February-March 2010 issue of *The Beaver*.

It's the Girl Guides picture. I am the third girl from the right, and the girl on my right is Lucy Evaluarjuk

We were sent to this camp outside of Montreal in the early 1960s. We hardly spoke English at the time since we had only been in school starting in 1957. Our leader here in Iqaluit — Frobisher Bay at the time — was Mrs. Delout.

I often think of her and am grateful to her for enrolling us in the Girl Guides. The Girl Guides really helped me in so many ways throughout the years. I am now the commissioner of Nunavut; the duties are the same as lieutenant governors of the provinces.

I often wonder what happened to the rest of the girls who were at the camp with us. Thank you so much for publishing the picture.

Ann Meekitjuk Hanson, C.M.,
Commissioner of Nunavut

Canada's History welcomes reader's comments. Email us at editors@canadashistory.ca or write to *Canada's History*, P.O. Box 56060, Portage Place RPO, Winnipeg, MB, R3B 0G9, Canada. Please include your address and daytime phone number. Letters may be edited for clarity or length.

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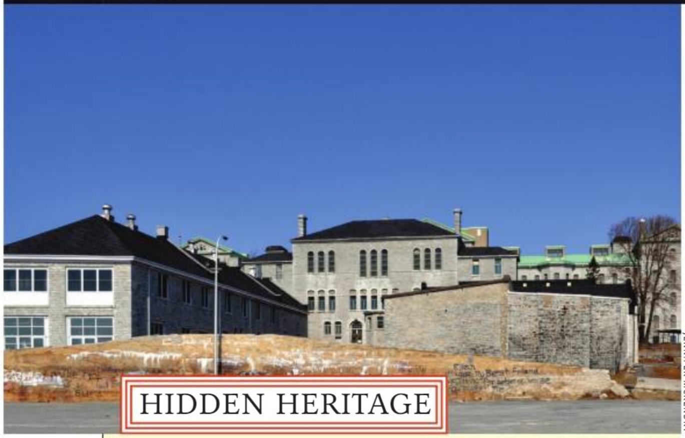


JENNIFER MCKENDRY

HIDDEN HERITAGE

Rockwood Lunatic Asylum

Kingston, Ontario

designed by William Coverdale, 1857

One of a handful of surviving early "lunatic asylums" in Canada, the Rockwood Lunatic Asylum in Kingston stands as mute testimony to the thousands of unfortunate people who spent years — or even most of their lives — institutionalized in miserable circumstances throughout North America.

This partial view of the complex, seen from the back, shows the five-storey main building in the background. The limestone construction began in the late 1850s but was not considered complete until 1870.

It was optimistically thought that patients, though living in surroundings isolating them from families and society, could be cured from all sorts of ailments, ranging from seizure disorders to emotional or mental illnesses. The reality was that congregation and segregation were not viable tools for integrating devalued persons into the world of the everyday and the ordinary.

The classical elements of this asylum created a regular pattern of windows and doorways with an emphasis on symmetry — an orderly building deemed appropriate for disorderly minds and bodies. When abandoned in the late 1950s, after a new psychiatric hospital was built on the extensive grounds, it became the "home" for boys, girls, men, and women with developmental delays. It finally closed in the mid-1990s.

Where once sounds of wailing and screaming leaked out of the building, a silent structure now awaits an unknown fate. It is essential that such structures survive to inform us of how we have treated our disadvantaged. **— Jennifer McKendry**

Contributed by the Society for the Study of Architecture in Canada, a learned society devoted to the examination of Canada's built environment. See canada-architecture.org.

CREATIVE CLASS

Screen gems

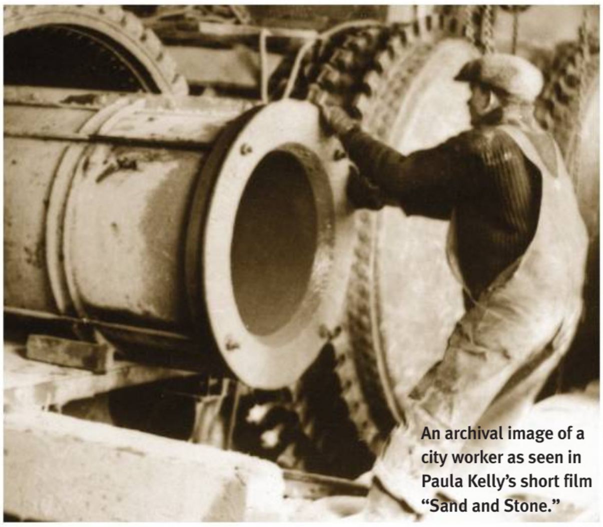
Sometimes it takes more than a bit of digging to shed light on our past. Filmmaker Paula Kelly received a unique opportunity to spend six months in the City of Winnipeg Archives thanks to the city's Artist-in-Residence program, and she used the occasion to bring rarely seen images to the silver screen.

In her program application, Kelly proposed making three short films and allowing the contents of the archives to suggest their subject matters.

Beginning her residency in the fall of 2007, she worked her way through a range of materials, drawing inspiration — as well as the final name of the project, *Souvenirs* — from promotional pamphlets she discovered there.

The resulting films use archival footage and photographs, including some never before shown to the public, as well as new footage shot for this project.

One part of the trio, entitled "Sand and Stone," reflects the often taken-for-granted labour that was required to build the city's physical environment. Kelly interviewed city workers and was impressed by their pride in the projects they helped create.



An archival image of a city worker as seen in Paula Kelly's short film "Sand and Stone."

COURTESY OF THE CITY OF WINNIPEG ARCHIVES AND RECORD CONTROL BRANCH

The film "Watermarks" looks at the way Winnipeg, a city of rivers, is shaped by water and has thereby developed a distinctive relationship with nature.

Kelly, who has worked in archives for other projects, believes the city's collections are "vital in preserving our record of citizenship, our history, and all that makes us Winnipeggers."

Since *Souvenirs* premiered in September 2008, Kelly and her project have received acclaim and awards. The films can be viewed online (visit CanadasHistory.ca for details). **— Phil Koch**

OUR HOME & NATIVE

Reginald Fessenden

Radio pioneer

Many scientists were able to transmit radio signals over distances at the turn of the twentieth century, including Italy's Gugliermo Marconi, who is renowned for his transatlantic telegraph transmissions to and from Canada's East Coast. But it was Canadian Reginald Fessenden who developed the ability to transmit sounds like voices and music via radio waves.

Born in 1866 in East Bolton, Quebec, Fessenden was a gifted math student. He taught younger students while studying at Bishop's University in Sherbrooke as a teenager, but left university without a degree at age eighteen. Two years later, he went to America and worked for his idol, Thomas Edison.

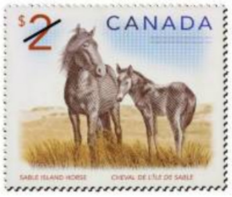
After holding positions with manufacturers and universities, Fessenden secured a contract to help the U.S. Weather Bureau develop a radio system. It was there that he began his advances in receiver design and made what is believed to have been the first audio radio transmission, in 1900.

With help from investors, Fessenden worked in Brant Rock, Massachusetts, to develop the advanced transmitters he used in the first two-way transatlantic radio transmissions and in the first broadcast of music and entertainment — a Christmas Eve concert to ships at sea. Fessenden received numerous awards and hundreds of technology patents before he died in 1932.

— Danielle Conolly

CORBIS

Riding to the rescue



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Sable Island is famous for its hardy herd of wild ponies. Introduced to the island in 1738, the horses faced extinction on several occasions. The Diefenbaker government actually considered culling the animals in the 1960s, a plan that was halted by an impromptu letter-writing campaign on the part of Canadian schoolchildren.

Now the horses may get permanent protection thanks to a federal-provincial plan to designate Sable Island a national park.

Sable Island is a windswept spit of sand and grass located about 290 kilometres southeast of Halifax. Roughly forty-one kilometres long and just one-and-a-half kilometres wide, it is home to between 150 and 400 wild horses.

The federal government is considering two ways of making the island a national park — through either the Canada National Parks Act or the Canadian Wildlife Act.

The Department of Fisheries and Oceans currently administers the island, while Environment Canada maintains a year-round weather station there.

— Mark Reid

TAKE THE DAY OFF

June 1

To observe the day in 1951 when the Massey Commission tabled its report on national cultural policy. Wear your heart on your sleeve.

June 3

To remember the day in 1788 when Alexander Mackenzie set out from Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabaska in search of a route to the West Coast. Check your bearings.

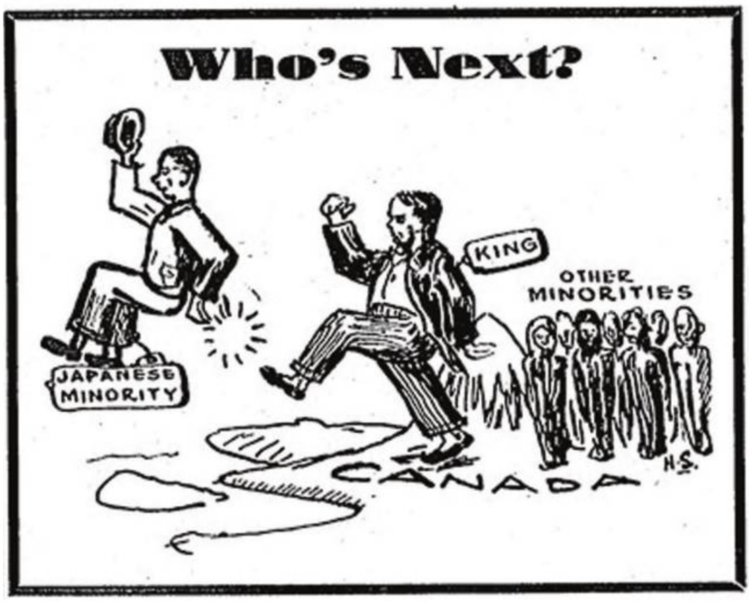
LAUGH LINES

Shameful treatment

Soon after Japan entered the Second World War, British Columbia politicians convinced the federal government to forcibly remove residents of Japanese ancestry from the Pacific Coast. During and immediately after the war, the government worked to eliminate them from the province altogether and to deport as many as possible to Japan.

This cartoon exemplifies the beginning of a long-term and dramatic change in Canadian public opinion. A bill to deport Japanese-Canadians, introduced in Parliament in October 1945, reminded Canadians of the totalitarian policies they had opposed during the war.

The bill met with strong opposition. It ran counter to Canadian support for democratic principles such as minority rights, and to the pledge Canada had then recently made to the United Nations to respect fundamental freedoms for all "without distinction as to race, sex, language or religion." **— Charles Hou**



COURTESY THE SHEAF

This cartoon by an unknown illustrator appeared in the November 29, 1945, edition of University of Saskatchewan student newspaper *The Sheaf*.

BY THE NUMBERS

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British Home Children

Canada's Parliament has declared 2010 the Year of the British Home Child. Beginning in 1869, British children between six months and sixteen years old were sent to Canada, where they were adopted by families or indentured as servants. It was believed that sending them away from slums and poverty would provide opportunities unavailable in the U.K., but not all the children who came to Canada found a happy life. Many suffered abuse and neglect here or in other Commonwealth countries.

68 British children sent to Canada in the first emigration of 1869.

100,000 Approximate number of British home children relocated to Canada between 1869 and 1948.

18 The age until which home children who became indentured servants were employed.

28,000 Estimated number of children brought to Canada by the Barnardo Foundation, founded by Irish-born doctor Thomas John Barnardo.

4,000 British home children who enlisted in World War I and fought for Canada. Eight hundred died during the war.

10 Estimated percentage of Canadians today who can trace their lineage back to a British home child.

2 Prime ministers who have apologized to home children — Australia's Kevin Rudd in 2009 and the U.K's Gordon Brown in 2010.

— Compiled by Amanda Hope

June 30

To note William Coltman's report, submitted on this date in 1818, that criticized both the HBC and the NWC for the deadly 1816 Battle of Seven Oaks. Be neighbourly.

July 28

To recall the day in 1755 when the Nova Scotia Council imprisoned Acadians who refused to swear allegiance to the British Crown. Stand your ground.

July 31

To commemorate the annexation to Canada of all of British North America except Newfoundland on this date in 1880. Paint the map red.

Lest we regret

Federal decision-makers do an about-face on the future of a program that links students to fallen soldiers.

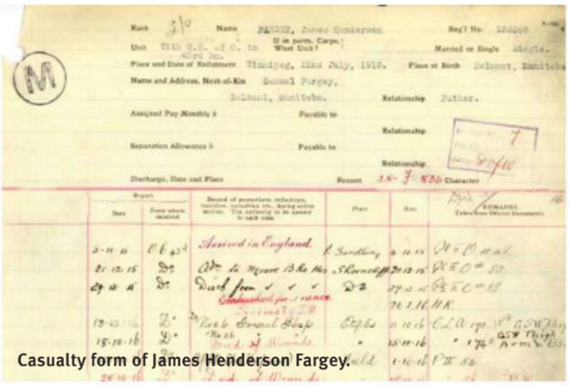
A popular program that connects students with those who served in the First World War has done more than avoid the chopping block — it is being enhanced.

Back in January, it seemed that a project known as Lest We Forget was being forgotten by federal bureaucrats looking for ways to streamline operations at Library and Archives Canada (LAC).

Lest We Forget, an award-winning project in which students "adopt" a person whose name appears on their local World War I cenotaph, relies heavily on LAC's Ottawa-based Learning Centre. The two staff members with the Learning Centre handle off-site requests from teachers and students looking for archived information about fallen soldiers from their communities. The centre also runs on-site workshops that show students how to access the archives.

In January, the federal government served notice that it would reassign Learning Centre staff. As Lest We Forget founder Blake Seward saw it, the changes would mean students and teachers would no longer have a program dedicated to helping them.

"It would effectively make Lest We Forget dysfunctional," said Seward, a high school teacher from Smiths Falls, Ontario, who conceived the idea for Lest We Forget in 2001. He explained that without a dedicated program, students would have to wait eight to ten months — in effect, an entire school year — for LAC staff to process their off-site requests. Under the Learning Centre program, requested materials from soldiers' files arrive within a month, Seward said.



Casualty form of James Henderson Fargey.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA, RG 150, ACCESSION 1992-93/166, BOX 2991 - 27

As well, students and teachers visiting the archives would no longer have the benefit of on-site staff dedicated to helping them.

"This year about [six hundred] students will go to the archives," said Seward. "Who will coordinate them? Who will they talk to? Where will they go?"

The Lest We Forget program helps students research World War I veterans.

PHOTO BY DEBBIE JIANG, LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

Seward knew he would have to act fast to save the project. A few stories appeared in the media, including *The Globe and Mail*. An online petition urging Ottawa to keep the centre collected about a thousand signatures. Seward met with federal officials on March 15. They assured him that Learning Centre staff would continue their work while LAC looked for ways to make the archives more accessible to students outside of Ottawa.

For instance, LAC is considering shipping the wartime records of servicemen and women to provincial or municipal archives, if these local partners are willing and able to store them, said Jean-Stephen Pichét, the assistant deputy minister for the Programs Branch at LAC. That would mean high school students in Vancouver, for example, could view the original records at their local archives.

"We don't want to leave any students and teachers hanging without a plan," Pichét said in an interview. "So we will maintain the service until we have better means of distributing the program, making it more national, virtualizing it, making it available through multiple service points."

LAC has digitized the attestation papers of 600,000 First World War soldiers. However, other personal records — such as medical records, military movements, and correspondence — are not available online.

Seward says that in many cases the students are the first to have looked at a particular soldier's file in more than nine decades. It's not uncommon for them to contact the soldier's relatives to let them know what they found.

"The student becomes, in effect, the keeper of the soldier's file," says Seward. — **Nelle Oosterom**

Dig deeper into history with *Time Team*

Watch Tony Robinson and his inquisitive band of archaeologists as they unearth mysteries of the past in *Time Team*.

Begins June 28 at 7 pm on TVO's History Mondays.

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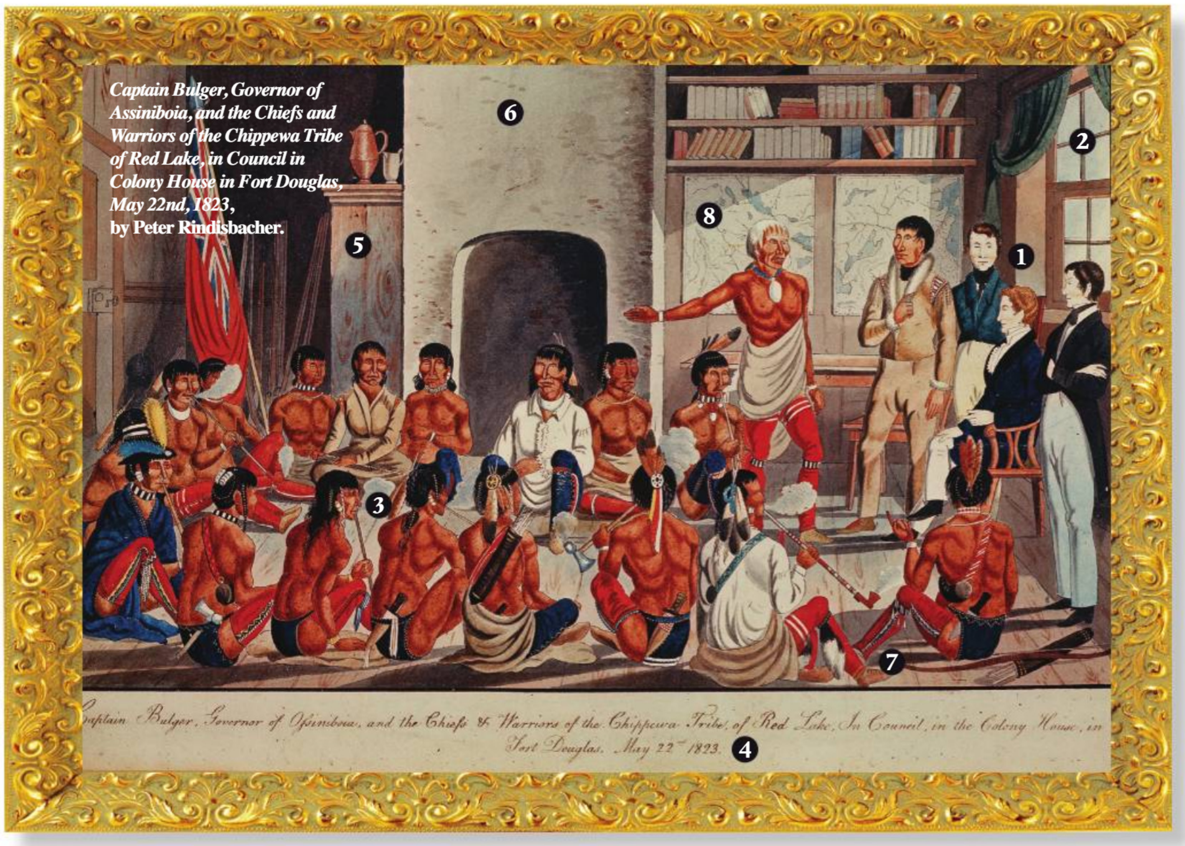

Captain Bulger, Governor of Assiniboia, and the Chiefs and Warriors of the Chippewa Tribe of Red Lake, in Council in Colony House in Fort Douglas, May 22nd, 1823, **by Peter Rindisbacher.**

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7
aptain Bulger, Governor of Aſsiniboia, and the Chiefs & Warriors of the Chippewa Tribe, of Red Lake, In Council, in the Colony House, in
Fort Douglas, May 22nd 1823.
4

Meeting the governor

Andrew Bulger's brief reign as governor of Assiniboia was immortalized in a series of watercolours.

❶ Andrew Bulger, shown seated, was born in 1790. A hero of the War of 1812, he was in 1822 appointed governor of the District of Assiniboia, which included the Red River Colony and what today is northern North Dakota and Minnesota.

❷ Bulger was not impressed by Red River. He called the colony "one of the most miserable countries on the face of the earth," and left the colony for good in 1823.

❸ Shortly after assuming his commission, Bulger hired the young artist Peter Rindisbacher to paint a series of six watercolours that show him travelling throughout Assiniboia, meeting with various Native groups.

❹ Born in Switzerland in 1806, Rindisbacher, came to the Red River Colony with his family in 1821. He worked as an HBC clerk at Fort Garry and earned extra money by painting souvenirs for visitors.

❺ In the nineteenth century and earlier, it was common to make several similar versions of an image and to base paintings on the work of other artists. Rindisbacher drew in ink before making the copies he completed in watercolours.

❻ Fort Douglas, built in 1812, was the Hudson's Bay Company's centre of power in the Red River Colony. Located just downriver of the North West Company's Fort Gibraltar, it was the site of several battles between the two rival companies.

❼ Rindisbacher's work is noted for providing some of the first depictions of Native life in the region. His paintings made repeated use of certain objects, such as the similar leggings he showed on Natives despite their being from different nations.

❽ The Red Lake Chippewayan band's territory centred on modern-day northwestern Minnesota. In the 1800s, the HBC was keen to set up trading posts near Red Lake to ensure a reliable supply of pemmican for its fur traders. The Red Lake reservation in Minnesota is today home to 6,300 people.

MCCORD MUSEUM

Calgary's greatest cowboy

A trip to the principal's office leaves a young Heather Ramsay hog-tied.

I went to an elementary school named after a cowboy.

A black-and-white portrait of him hung outside the principal's office, but I'd never made the connection between the guy decked out in chaps and a cowboy hat and the lettering on the outside of the school — at least, not until my fifth-grade teacher nabbed me for sneaking into my seat after the late bell had rung.

"To the principal's office," she said, her forehead crunched into wrinkles and her lips pressed into a thin line.

As the secretary plunked me down in a chair outside the principal's office, I reeled from the injustice of it all. I was eleven years old and used to gold stars and good report cards. I didn't deserve to be thrown in jail. That's when I noticed the kind face in the cowboy hat.

In the photo, the man's boots sank into the dirt of the pole corral and his horse stood saddled beside him, ready to be ridden. He wore a white shirt and tie under his jacket and the woolliest chaps I'd ever seen. At the bottom of the frame, these words were etched into bronze: "Clem Gardner; 1885–1963 Calgary's last working cowboy. Rancher, rodeo rider, chuckwagon racer and all-round great horseman."

So… Clem Gardner was a cowboy, not just the name of my school!

I know, I know. I grew up with it, right? The Calgary Stampede — the "Greatest Outdoor Show on Earth" — it should have been obvious. But back then, I never connected real cowboys with the Stampede. To me, the Stampede was synonymous with little doughnuts, cotton candy, and carnival rides.

To my young eyes, the Stampede was for wild west dress-up. Calgary's banks would turn their lineups into wood-fenced corrals and the mayor, dressed in stripes like a jailbird, flipped flapjacks in the parking lot at the mall. But real, working cowboys? I couldn't fathom it.

I hauled myself up on the chair and tried to see into this real cowboy's eyes. That's when the principal opened the door.

Budding cowgirl Heather Ramsay at an Alberta dude ranch in the 1970s.

COURTESY HEATHER RAMSAY

"Hrrumph," he said with a growl, "I'm disappointed to see you here."

I cringed, expecting a reckoning worthy of the movies — the sheriff clapping me into shackles and then throwing me behind bars. Instead, to my utter surprise, the principal was smiling.

"I see you're getting to know old Clem," he said.

Turns out the principal was a history buff, and Clem Gardner — who had owned one of the most impressive ranches southern Alberta has ever seen — was like a hero to him. The ranch was up on the Elbow River and, over the years, the Gardners had amassed more than two thousand cattle. Brahmas, longhorns, bucking horses, you name it — they supplied them to the Calgary Stampede.

Clem's family had travelled from Manitoba by covered wagon when he was only six months old. His dad, a captain in the Canadian militia, had scouted the West during the Riel Rebellion and decided to stay. Young Clem grew up on the ranch, breaking horses, roping steers, and riding in the rodeos.

Inside the principal's office, there was another picture of Clem. In this one, he was high in the air riding the curled back of a defiant mustang. Old Clem, I found out, had been a part of Calgary's world-famous Wild West show from the beginning.

The sheriff — I mean, the principal — looked away from the picture and back at his prisoner. "Don't do it again," he told me sternly.

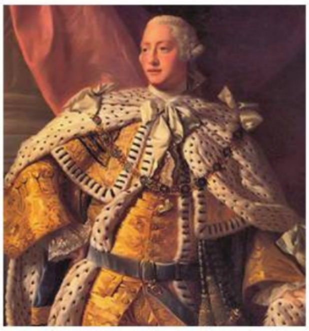
I lowered my head as he sentenced me to stay after class for a week to help the librarian put away books. He patted me on the shoulder as I made my way out of his cramped little office. Some punishment, I thought. I did that every day, anyway.

Heather Ramsay, a writer with the Queen Charlotte Islands *Observer*, lives in Haida Gwaii, B.C.

Last to the ballot box

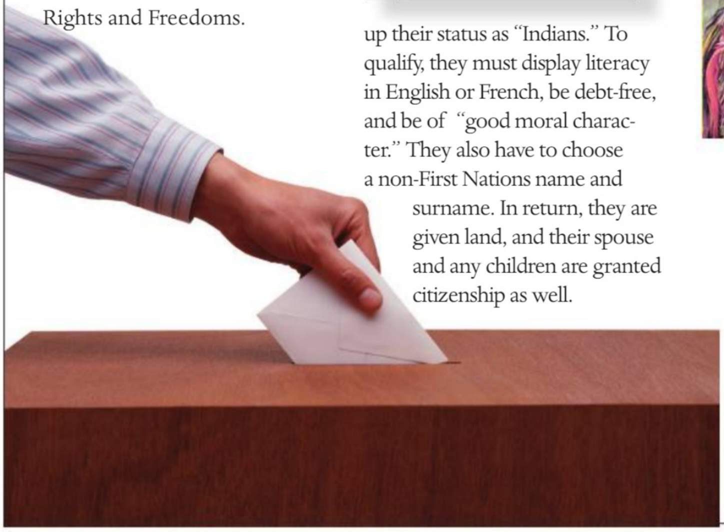
It’s been fifty years since members of Canada’s First Nations received the unconditional right to vote in federal

1763



THE KING SETS THE RULES

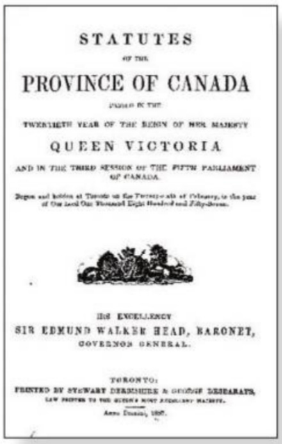
A royal decree by King George III creates a framework for treaty negotiations with First Nations (“Indians”) that is still in force today. It regulates land sales, ensuring that deals are made in public by official representatives instead of by individual settlers. It is still mentioned in the Charter of Rights and Freedoms.



1857

A HIGH PRICE SET FOR NATIVE CITIZENSHIP

Under the Gradual Civilization Act, First Nations men over twenty-one in the Province of Canada have the option of becoming citizens — but they have to give up their status as “Indians.” To qualify, they must display literacy in English or French, be debt-free, and be of “good moral character.” They also have to choose a non-First Nations name and surname. In return, they are given land, and their spouse and any children are granted citizenship as well.



STATUTES
OF THE
PROVINCE OF CANADA
PASSED IN THE
TWENTIETH YEAR OF THE REIGN OF HER MAJESTY
QUEEN VICTORIA
AND IN THE THIRD SESSION OF THE FIFTH PARLIAMENT
OF CANADA.

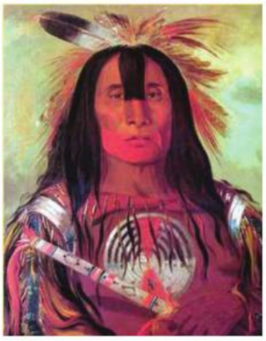
HIS EXCELLENCY
SIR EDMUND WALKER HEAD, BARONET,
GOVERNOR GENERAL.

TORONTO:
PRINTED BY STEWART DERBISHIRE & GEORGE DESBARATS,

1876

TRADING STATUS FOR VOTING RIGHTS

The Indian Act of 1876 brings together all previous legislation concerning Aboriginal land and status. It defines who is or is not Indian, as well as how and when status or land is gained or lost. Status Indians can elect their own tribal governments but cannot vote in Canadian elections without losing their status.



1885-1898

THE VOTE IS GIVEN, THEN TAKEN AWAY

Prime Minister John A. Macdonald favours giving all aboriginal men the unconditional right to vote. However, the Electoral Franchise Act ultimately excludes many First Nations people.

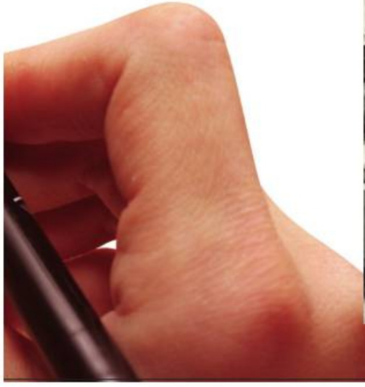
Thirteen years later, the Liberal government of Wilfrid Laurier repeals the right for all status Indians, stating that as wards of the state, they cannot act independently.

elections. Native voting rights have had a long, tortuous history.

1949

ELECTION OF FIRST STATUS INDIAN

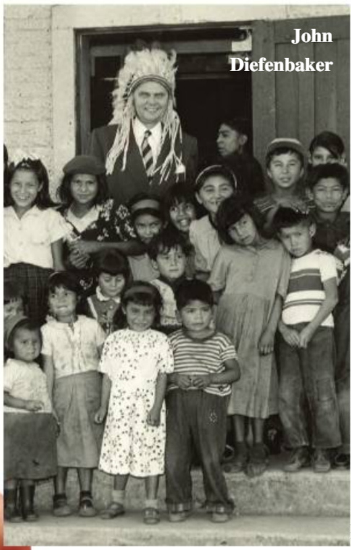
The same year B.C. removes legislation that bars members of First Nations from voting, Frank Calder, a hereditary chief of the Nisga'a nation, becomes the first status Indian elected to a provincial legislature. In subsequent years, other provinces follow B.C. in granting voting rights to status Indians.



1960

FEDERAL VOTING RIGHTS ARE EXTENDED

With John Diefenbaker as prime minister, First Nations finally receive the unconditional right to vote in federal elections on March 31, 1960. Prior to this, only certain status Indians could vote — such as those who had served in the military (1917 Military Voters Act) and those who waived their tax exemption rights under the Indian Act (1950). Inuit people, who are not included in the Indian Act, received the right to vote federally in 1950.



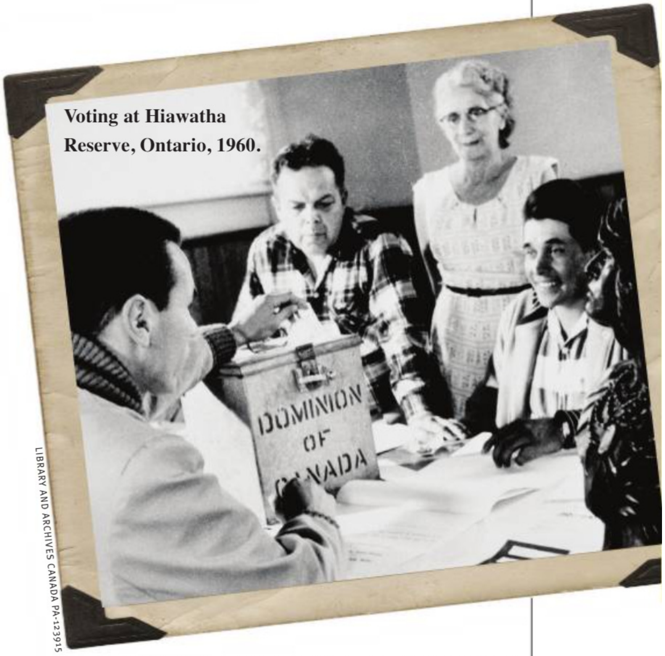
John Diefenbaker

DIEFENBAKER CANADA CENTRE ARCHIVES/JGD7448

1968

FIRST STATUS MP IN PARLIAMENT

Leonard Marchand, a member of B.C.'s Okanagan Indian band, becomes the first status Indian to be elected to the House of Commons. The Liberal member for the British Columbia riding of Kamloops-Cariboo went on to serve in the federal cabinet and in 1984 was appointed to the Senate. He retired as a senator in 1998 and remains an honorary chief of the Okanagans.



Voting at Hiawatha Reserve, Ontario, 1960.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA PA-123915

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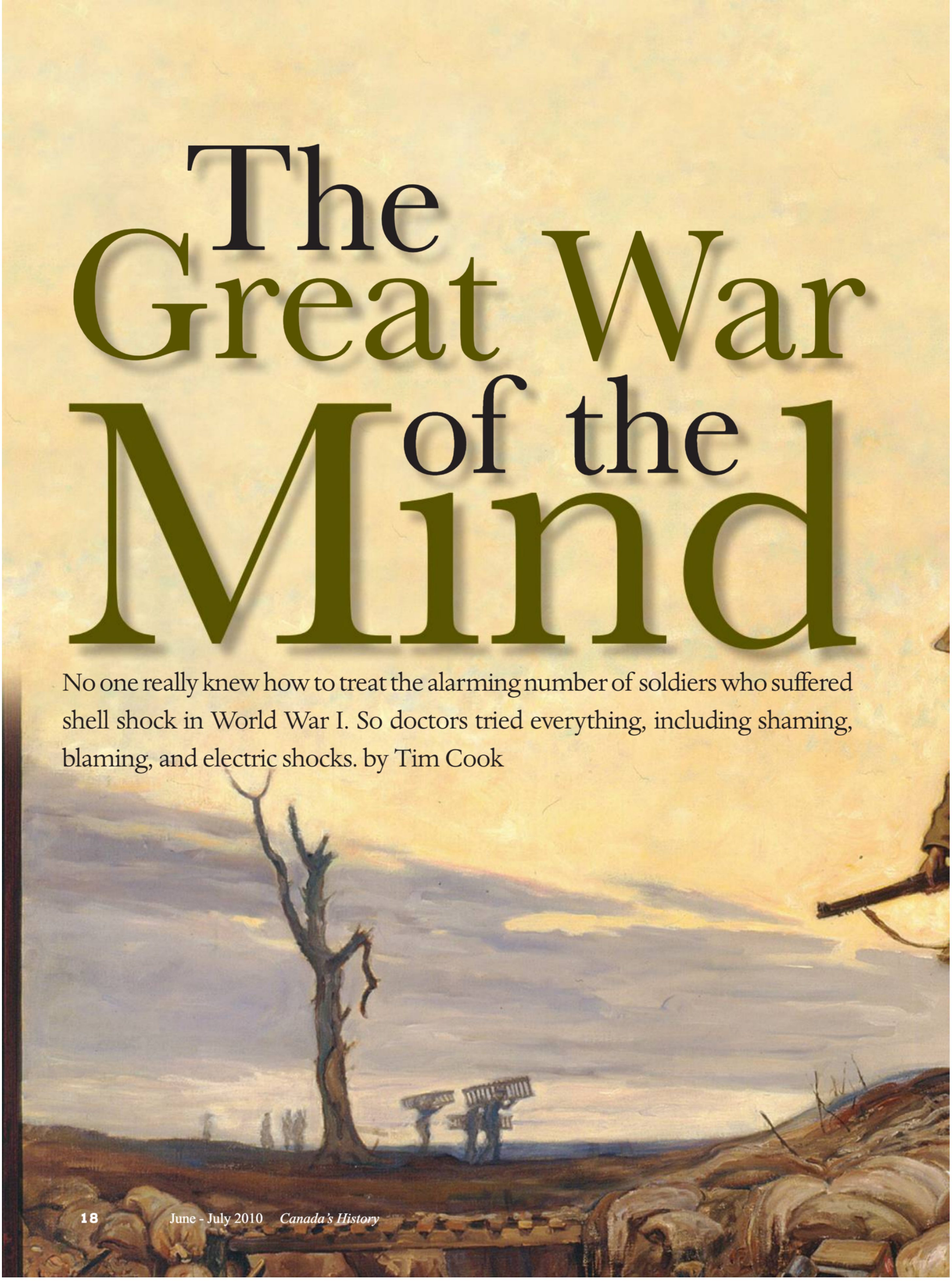
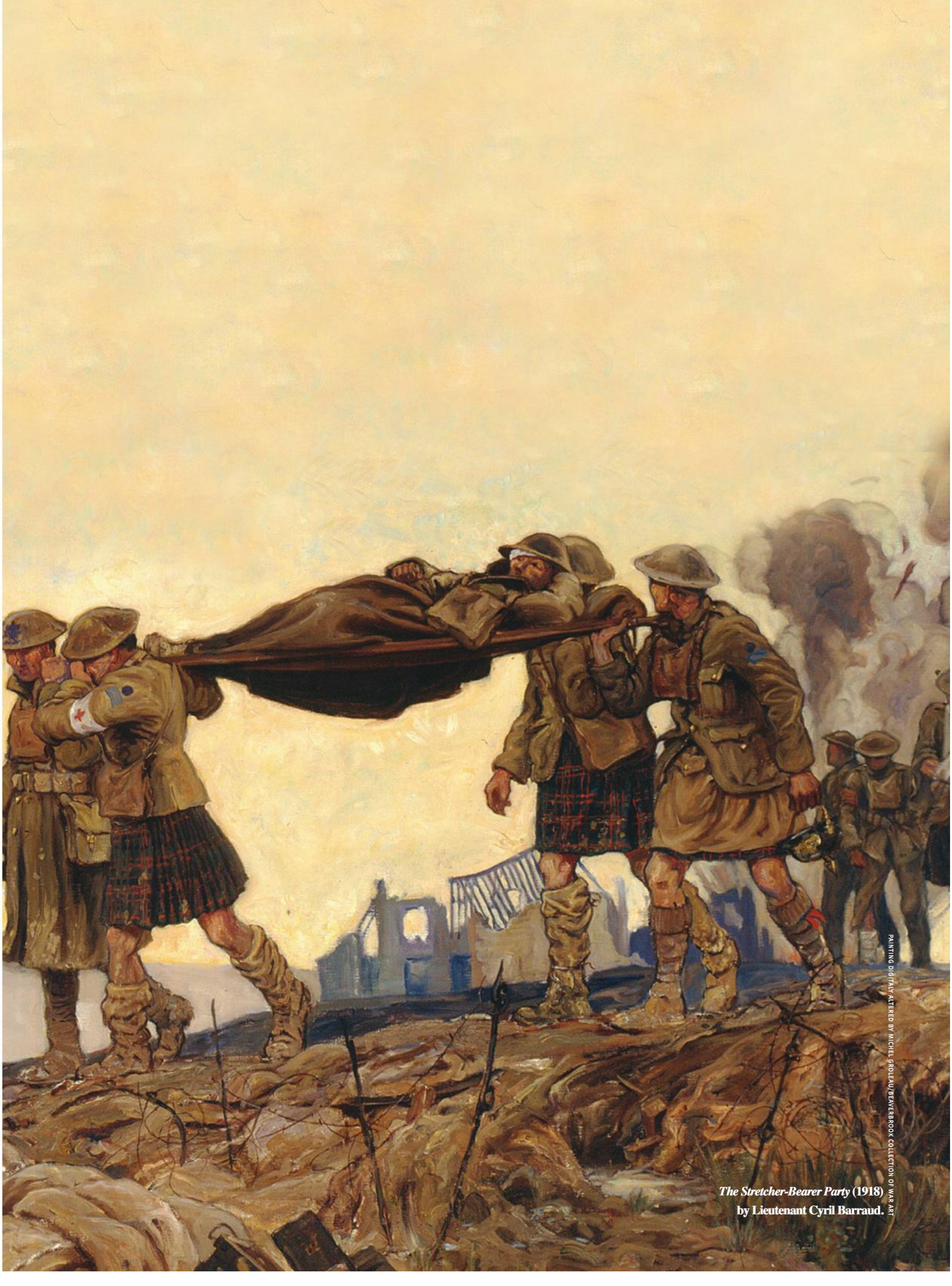
The Great War of the Mind

No one really knew how to treat the alarming number of soldiers who suffered shell shock in World War I. So doctors tried everything, including shaming, blaming, and electric shocks. by Tim Cook





The Stretcher-Bearer Party (1918)
by Lieutenant Cyril Barraud.

PAINTING DIGITALY ALTERED BY MICHEL GROLEAU/BEAVERBROOK COLLECTION OF WAR ART

Clutching a ground sheet around his neck with a shaking hand, the dazed infantryman looked up at the second call of his name. Gaunt from prolonged service on the Western Front, he peered out from under his steel helmet with red, sunken eyes, his mouth slack, and a tick twitching under his eye. The soldier seemed cast adrift in the storm of war.

For the combat soldiers of World War I, it was not a matter of *if* they would break down, but *when*. The human mind could not withstand the ongoing strain of trench warfare. This mental collapse was known as shell shock.

Soldiers had broken down in previous wars, but never on the scale seen in the world's first industrial war. There were tens of thousands of cases in the Allied armies. By the end of the war, doctors had declared shell shock "the storm centre of military medicine."

Below: Mental strain increased as casualties mounted.

Shell shock was not well understood. Beliefs about what triggered it and how it should be treated were highly contested. The condition seemed to present itself differently in each soldier. Symptoms included extreme shaking fits, weeping, shrieking, mutism, paralysis, insomnia, and the "thousand-yard stare."

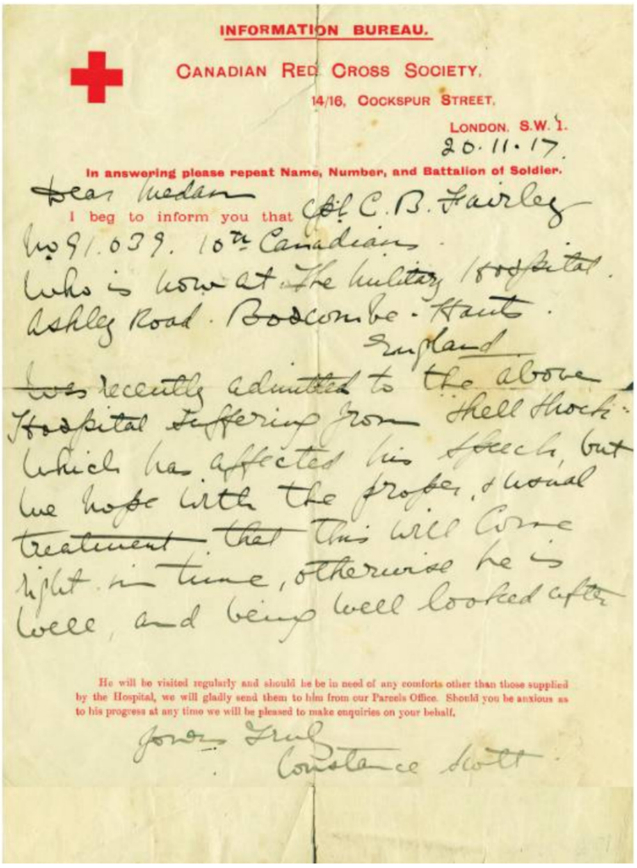
At first, most doctors thought it was a physical ailment brought on by exploding shells. Enormous detonations of high explosives could kill a man by concussion alone, collapsing internal organs. The name shell shock referred to shockwaves that were thought to damage the soldiers' brains, causing microscopic lesions. Shell shock could indeed be caused from exploding shells, but it was soon found that soldiers who had not been near the line were breaking down as well.

Shell shock was really a form of battle exhaustion. Sharing the trenches of the Western Front with unburied corpses, flesh-fattened rats, and body-infesting lice added greatly to the stress. Sir John Fortescue, a British soldier and historian, testified before a commission that "even the bravest man cannot endure to be under fire for more than a consecutive number of days."

But not all shared this opinion. One Canadian medical officer, the celebrated man of letters Sir Andrew Macphail, wrote that shell shock was a "manifestation of childishness and femininity." The Australian official medical historian A.G. Butler wrote in a similar critical tone: Shell shock had become a "diagnostic shibboleth and an open sesame to the base." It was derided as a way out of the front lines. While many military authorities were skeptical of shell shock, combat veterans tended to be more sympathetic, seeing it as part of the new way that war was being fought.

The Great War was an industrial conflict of unprecedented scale. The introduction of the tank, airplane, submarine, and chemical weapons, when combined with older technologies like mortars, barbed wire, rapid-firing rifles, and machine guns, created a storm of steel and lethality never before seen.

The enormous firepower forced the armies to dig into the earth. The war on the Western Front ground to a stalemate. There was no way forward except in frontal assaults, and those almost always left the attacking forces in red ruin as the dug-in defenders cut them down over open ground.



INFORMATION BUREAU.

CANADIAN RED CROSS SOCIETY.
14/16, COCKSPUR STREET.
LONDON. S.W. 1.
20.11.17.

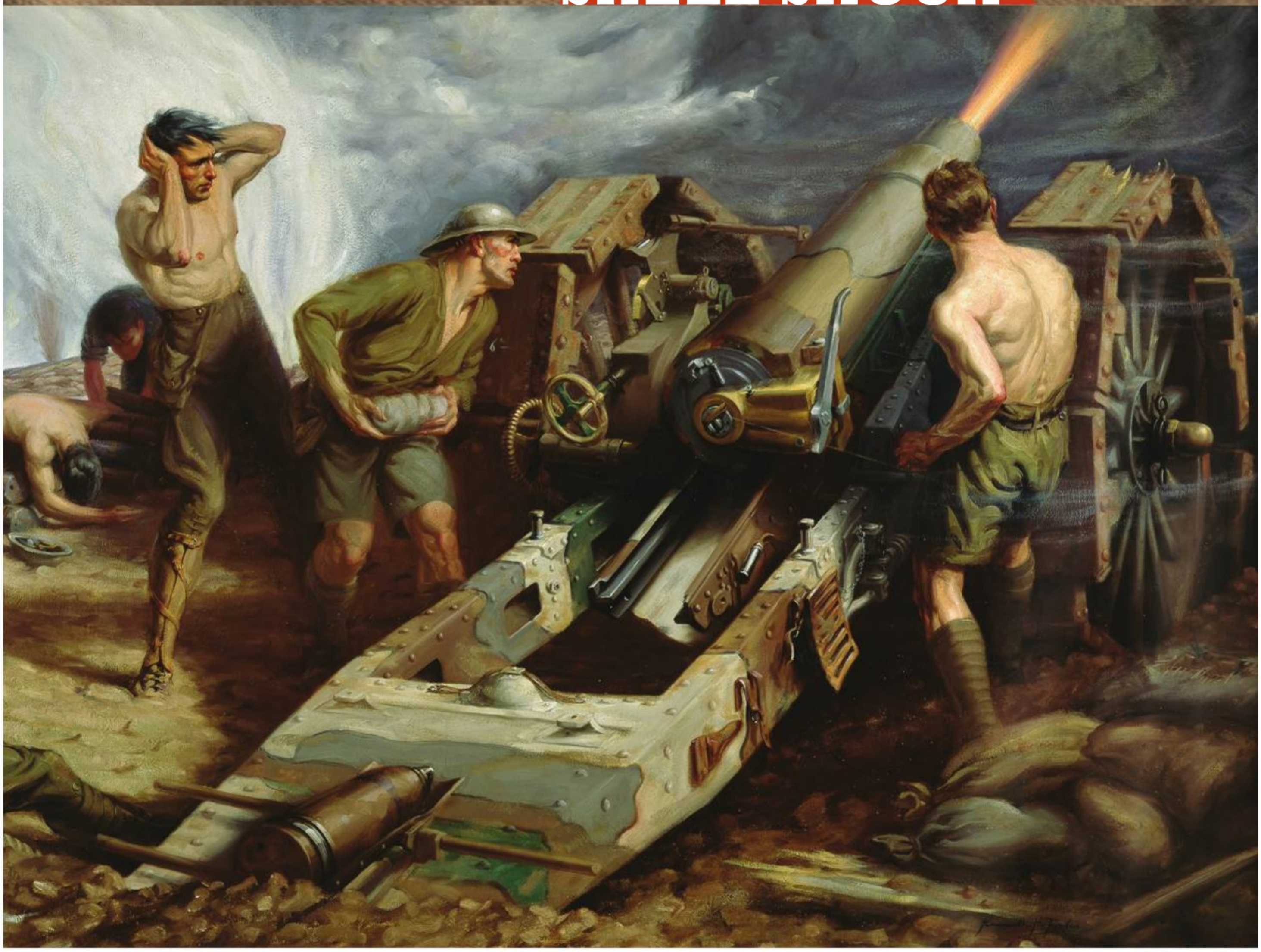
In answering please repeat Name, Number, and Battalion of Soldier.

Dear Madam
I beg to inform you that Cpl C. B. Fairley
No 91.039. 10th Canadians.
who is now at The Military Hospital.
Ashley Road. Boscombe. Hants.
England
was recently admitted to the above
Hospital suffering from Shell Shock:
which has affected his speech, but
we hope with the proper, & usual
treatment that this will come
right in time, otherwise he is
well, and being well looked after

He will be visited regularly and should he be in need of any comforts other than those supplied by the Hospital, we will gladly send them to him from our Parcels Office. Should you be anxious as to his progress at any time we will be pleased to make enquiries on your behalf.

Yours Truly
Constance Scott.

Right: A letter from the Canadian Red Cross Society states that Corporal Charles Benjamin Fairley was admitted to hospital with shell shock. It notes that the condition affected Fairley's speech.



Above: ***Canadian Artillery in Action*** **by Kenneth Keith Forbes (circa 1917). Early in the war, doctors believed constant bombardment by artillery fire was physically damaging soldiers' brains. Thus they came up with the term "shell shock."**

GEORGE METCALF ARCHIVAL COLLECTION

As casualties mounted, armies expanded. Millions of civilians enlisted. With no way to break through the lines, the armies employed strategies of attrition. Attrition worked at a macro level — wearing out armies through constant battle — and it worked at a micro level — putting unending strain on individual soldiers. What had been envisioned as a gallant conflict was reduced to a miserable deadlock.

This was hard for people on the home front to understand. In a letter to a friend in Montreal, Lieutenant Clifford Wells wrote: "It must have been quite a shock to you when your streetcar killed the auto driver. It would have been to me a year ago, but now bloody death is a familiar sight. I am a different man to the one who enlisted in Montreal fourteen months ago. No one can go through the day's work out here and remain unchanged." By war's end, Wells was among Canada's more than 60,000 dead.

In this war of waiting, long periods of boredom would be broken by the terror of shellfire that could rip a soldier to pieces. The angst wore away at soldiers, day after day.

The soldiers received some temporary relief through cycles of rotation. This usually meant four to six days at the front, followed by an equal amount of time in a reserve trench, and then a spell in the rear before the terrible cycle started all over again.

Small pleasures mattered. There were letters from home, and care packages containing sweets, cigarettes, and dry socks. Superstitions were common. Many used talismans and intimate rituals to ward off fear. Some sank into fatalism, simply writing off their own lives so that they could get on with soldiering. "You'll get it when your number's up" was the slogan of the trench warriors.

Above all, they inured themselves to the violence. Masculinity was prized.

In his book, *"Crumps": The Plain Story of a Canadian Who Went*, Captain Louis Keene remembered the members of a working party singing one of their lugubrious marching songs as they trudged back to their billets after a night of work: "They were wet through and wrapped up with scarves, wool helmets, and gloves. Over their clothes was a veneer of plastered mud. They marched along at a slow swing and in a

mournful way sang:

'Left - Left - Left
'We - are - the tough Guys!'"

It took tough guys to win this war, but what would happen if they began to break down? What would happen when the heroes were reduced to quivering cowards? What would happen if the armies disintegrated under the strain?

In their letters, diaries, and published memoirs, soldiers took note of the breakdown around them: "Fellows that feared nothing when they came out here, are so nervous now that they can't stand anything," wrote Roy Macfie, a farmer who had enlisted in the First Contingent, Canadian Expeditionary Force. "The sound of shells will almost set some of them crazy, and it is not because they are afraid, they can't help it."

Harold Simpson of Prince Edward Island talked about the trying conditions that sickened his "soul" with the "horror of it all, for no matter how hardened one may be, the sight of shattered broken men is a cruel one." With nerves taut in the front lines, Simpson observed that it was in the aftermath of the rotation to the rear that many men broke down. "When he gets out of it he has time to think, to remember. Perhaps his best pal has gone under before his eyes and again the whole grim tragedy of it seems to dance before his gaze … the memory follows him, haunts him. Even in his dreams he sees again those cruel, gaping wounds, hears those heart-rending cries of pain and his whole being revolts. It is unbearable."

All soldiers drew on their "courage account," as one medical doctor called it, and while it could be recharged through rotation and rest, the longer a soldier was at the front, the more opportunities there were for a breakdown.

Even the stoic soldiers were breaking down. Frank Iriam was an aggressive and skilled scout with the 8th Battalion. He had the dangerous job of crawling into no man's land almost every night when his battalion was in the front lines, spying on the enemy or sniping from areas of cover. After a year, he began to break down, physically with dysentery and body weakness, as well as mentally. "Attrition is the only answer I can figure out for it now," Iriam said in his memoir, *In The Trenches 1914–1918*. "I had been gradually worn, dragged, and hammered down."

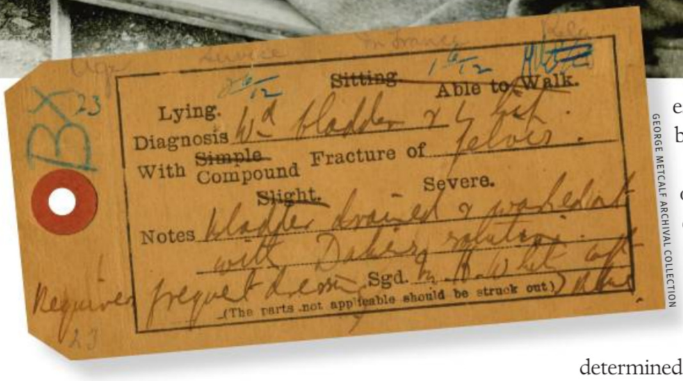
Not even sleep provided solace for Iriam. Gunfire raging up and down the line set off twenty- to thirty-minute fits of shaking that would take place all night long. "I have lain that way many a time cursing and setting my teeth to make it stop. I have known my heart to take a leap as though it would jump from my body, followed by three or four heavy thumping strokes, then stopping altogether for a period of several seconds at a time." Iriam was never invalided from the front and eventually got control of his "nerves," as he called them, but many other soldiers were not so lucky.

A bad case of shell shock, wrote Gunner Ernest Black, "was an unnerving thing to see." At the muddy and corpse-ridden 1917 Battle of Passchendaele, Black recounted seeing an infantryman, "a mere boy, led by his comrades down the plank road through our gun position to the dressing station. He was scarcely able to walk. His head and arms were shaking as if from convulsions." It was a ghastly thing for other soldiers to witness, especially when they were fighting hard against breaking down themselves.

While the soldiers fought and endured on a battlefield plagued by madness, the high command was in no mood to let the patients run the asylum. The afflicted had little control over their cures and less over their own bodies. Their officers and the unit's medical officer were the first lines of contact in the military chain that determined their treatment and fate.

Below: Wounds that were visible, as in this case, where a medic has improvised a splint for a soldier's shattered arm, were subject to standard treatments. But doctors knew little about how to handle the invisible wounds of shell shock.

GEORGE METCALF ARCHIVAL COLLECTION



Bottom: Medical tag for an injured soldier at Vimy Ridge.

BX 23

26/12 1/12

~~Sitting.~~ Able to ~~Walk.~~

Lying. Wd bladder & l. hip
Diagnosis pelvis.
With ~~Simple~~ Compound Fracture of
~~Slight.~~ Severe.
Notes bladder drained & washed out with Dakin's solution
Requires frequent dressing Sgd. M. H. White Capt
(The parts not applicable should be struck out)

GEORGE METCALF ARCHIVAL COLLECTION

GEORGE METCALF ARCHIVAL COLLECTION

Above: Soldiers say goodbye to wounded comrades on their way to convalescence in "Blighty," as England was known to Commonwealth soldiers. Blighty was also the name given to any non-fatal wound that would take them there. Some medical officials doubted shell shock was a legitimate ailment and considered soldiers exhibiting its symptoms to be cowards or malingerers.

Front-line medical officers had a dangerous and unenviable role. They were generally pre-war civilian doctors who had taken the Hippocratic oath to care for their patients. But they were also responsible for keeping the soldiers in the firing line. They were commanded to be on the lookout for soldiers who were trying to get out of service, sometimes through self-inflicted wounds.

What were they to do with shell-shocked soldiers? The worst cases — men who could not speak or walk, or who screamed uncontrollably — were sent to the rear, but what about soldiers with milder symptoms, such as nightmares, nervous ticks, or stammering? If a few mentally damaged soldiers were allowed to take leave of the front, there was a fear among senior officers that it would turn into a torrent. Sympathetic front-line officers tried to work with medical officers to get the worst cases out of the trenches, but it was not always easy or possible to find "bomb-proof" positions for these men. One medical officer wrote in his diary on shell shock: "To hold a middle course is difficult — between injustice to the man and injustice to the service."

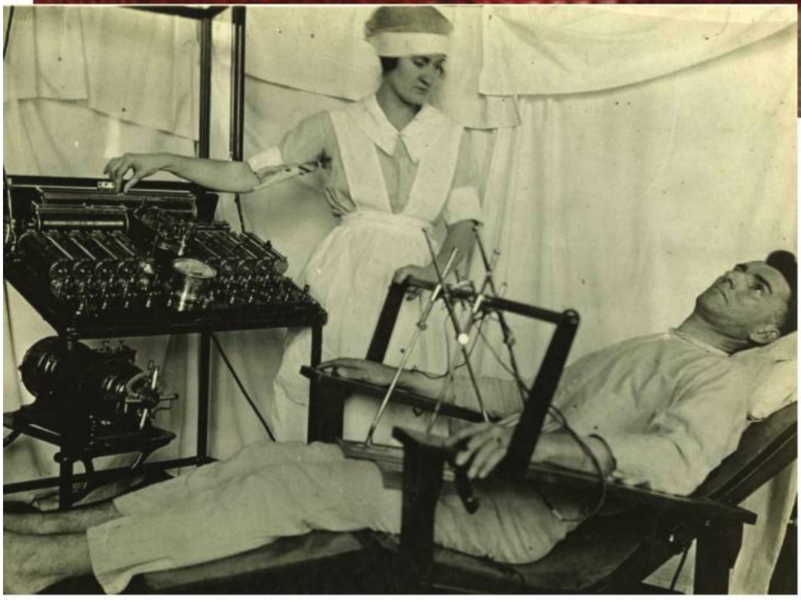
The military remained skeptical about the legitimacy of shell shock as an illness, since doctors had no accepted treatment and society viewed similar pre-war illnesses, such as "hysteria," as feminine or linked to "degeneracy." Some afflicted soldiers may well have questioned their manhood. Medical officers at the front could prescribe rest for a soldier, but for many men it was too late.

During the first two years of the war, shell-shocked soldiers were evacuated from the front for medical treatment in England. Away from the guns, many of the minor cases never recovered and were discharged as unfit. The French army had some success in treating men near the front — providing rest, but not pulling them fully from the fighting environment.The British followed suit in the summer of 1917, establishing rest stations and forward treatment areas. This was the subsequent solution during the Second World War for soldiers suffering battle fatigue — as shell shock was later named.

Badly shaken soldiers had to be treated in England throughout the war, as the rest stations in France and Flanders were available only for a couple of days of uninterrupted sleep. As for the fully traumatized — the mute, the deaf, the paralyzed, and the shrieking — they were sent back to Blighty, as England was known to the soldiers.

Like the medical officers at the front, doctors in England were instructed to return soldiers to action quickly. No one was sure how best to heal and return soldiers to their units, and so doctors tried a variety of methods. Freudians encouraged patients to talk about their traumatic experiences. Other doctors tried shock therapy. The most prevalent treatment was to offer a quiet rest in a special hospital. Patients took soothing baths and were encouraged to face their fears, in order to regain control of themselves.

There was a belief that officers received gentler treatment,



ELECTROTHERAPYMUSEUM.COM

Above: A nurse administers electrotherapy to a patient suffering from psychoneurosis in World War I.

although new scholarship from Mark Humphries, a historian at Calgary's Mount Royal College, argues that the treatment was relatively humane for both officers and men.

Sometimes treatment was minimal, especially during the first half of the war. Lieutenant Raymond Massey of the artillery — who later became a famous actor and was the younger brother of Canada's future governor general, Vincent Massey — was shaken violently when a German shell caved in his dugout, burying him alive, and killing a close friend. He was never the same afterward, suffering from stammering, blinding headaches, and blackouts. He was hospitalized for a short time in a venereal disease ward in England, due to overcrowding. Massey's over-anxious body could not relax and, in his words, "sleep meant dreams and it was better to lie awake than face my recurrent terrors."

Massey received very little treatment in the hospital and spent much of the time trying to comfort a young officer in the next bed, who moaned and screamed all night long as he thrashed through his nightmares. He had been trapped underground in a collapsed mine after a German explosion. When he was finally dug out, the young soldiers' hair had gone completely white through terror. He could not talk and simply looked off into the distance, in what soldiers in a later war would call a thousand-yard stare. Sometimes he tried to smile, but he could not work his facial muscles properly and it looked like a ghastly grimace. He died one morning of what the doctors classified as heart failure. "I did not think so," wrote Massey in his book *When I Was Young*. "I think he was scared to death by his dreams."

Gradually, doctors developed a better appreciation of the illness. In the summer of 1917, Captain H.P. Wright of the Canadian Army Medical Corps reported that the physical effects of shells could indeed bring on temporary imbalance in the brain and madness, but that there were other forms of the illness, including hysteria and neurasthenia. In these latter breakdowns, "the 'will' seems to have lost control of the brain."

Hysteria was blamed on the patient, who was seen as having defects of character, breeding, or body. Neurasthenia, on the other hand, was regarded as having been brought on by mental and bodily exhaustion. This mental collapse could happen to anyone, even efficient soldiers who put up "a good fight" — and this made it far more terrifying.

With no accepted treatment, doctors were free to experiment on patients.

Major W.J. Adie of the Royal Army Medical Corps developed a reputation for the way he treated shell-shocked men who had lost the ability to speak. He lashed them to an operating table and put a constrictive gas mask on them, leaving them for a while to suffer in near-suffocation. He returned some time later and, in a soothing voice, promised to remove the mask when they said, "take it away." For more stubborn cases, he injected ether through the mask, while, in his words, he "pricked the skin over the larynx rather vigorously with a pin."

Other experts employed electric shock therapy, which involved the brutal electrocution of tongues, eyelids, and even genitals in order to elicit a response and bring shell-shocked men out of their catatonic state. One doctor recounted in a chilling report that the pain of the electric shock was "as severe … as anything we know.… The sting of a whip, no matter how vigorously employed … [is] almost nothing compared with the sudden severe shock."

Some found the treatment so painful that they gladly returned to the front.

Sergeant Arthur Hickson recounted the story of Old Tom from his battalion, a friendly, balding man in his late thirties, well liked by his companions. During one tour in the line, a shell landed near him, killing his two mates and leaving him shell-shocked. He was evacuated from the front, but his comrades were surprised to see him back with the unit after only a short period of being away. "After a series of electric shock treatments at the base hospital he was returned to us though still very shaky. Lighting a cigarette, for instance, was very difficult for him. He told me that the patient would do

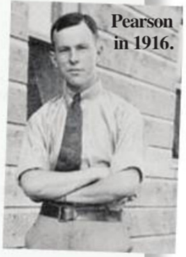
Diefenbaker in 1916.

Office of the Prime Minister

Cabinet du Premier ministre

Ottawa, Canada K1A 0A2

Interestingly, the only two Canadian prime ministers to serve in the Great War, Lester B. Pearson and John Diefenbaker, both seem to have succumbed to mental breakdown. Neither man spoke of this, but both of the future prime ministers' biographers, John English and Denis Smith, make strong cases in reconstructing the events leading to their emotional breakdowns. In Pearson's case, a medical board declared him unfit due to a type of breakdown then termed neurasthenia. In the case of Diefenbaker, who never saw action, his memoirs state he was invalided home after being hit with a shovel during training, but Smith speculated that his injury was psychosomatic.



Pearson in 1916.

LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES CANADA

or say anything to stop the treatment. One had to guess what the doctors wanted to hear."

Hospital records indicated that between sixty-three and seventy-one percent of shell-shocked patients were returned to their units. But one wonders how many of the soldiers were like Old Tom, and how many more quickly relapsed as they were rushed back into hell before they were even remotely ready.

The British army had no conclusive number of shell-shocked soldiers, but there were nine thousand recorded Canadian cases throughout the war. This was surely not the total number — a post-war study suggested there were at least fifteen thousand afflicted soldiers, many of whom were treated and classified with other illnesses. We shall never know how many more soldiers were killed as they were on the edge of a breakdown or were taken by a sniper because they were unduly reckless or insensible from the strain.

One in roughly fourteen injured soldiers were shell-shocked (nine thousand out of 138,000 battlefield wounded). Considering the constant horror and stress, the question is not why the number was so high, but why it was so low. Why didn't everyone succumb to the stress? Perhaps it comes back to the soldiers being "tough guys." At the same time, many of the worst effects of shell shock did not reveal themselves until after the war.

While the Armistice of November 11, 1918, ended the killing on the Western Front, the battle raged on for many veterans. Within a year, hundreds of thousands of vets flooded back into Canadian society. Reconnecting with loved ones after being away for up to five years took patience; new jobs had to be found, and this was not easy in a country that was deeply in debt. Often veterans — coarsened from the war and still suffering from its effects — were treated with indifference, even hostility.

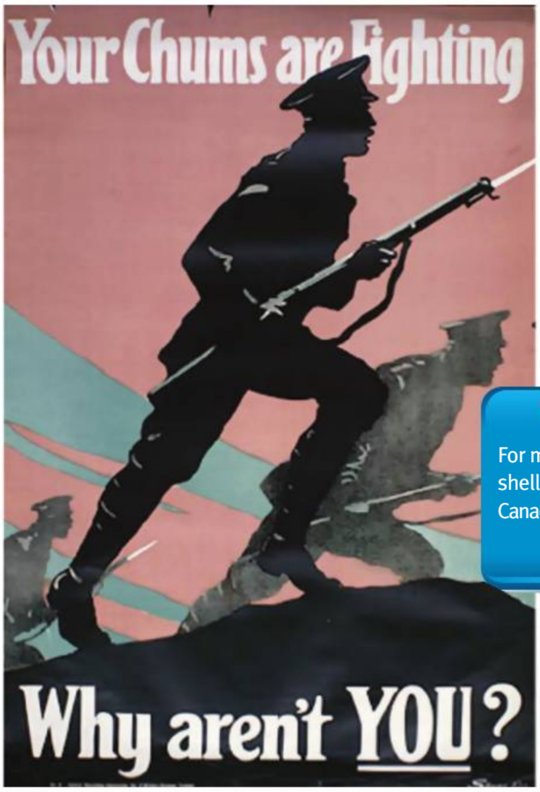
There was little understanding by the new profession of psychiatry of what we now diagnose as post-traumatic stress disorder. Moreover, most Canadians were not interested in hearing about the experiences of these soldiers; the nation was engaged in the sacred process of memorializing and valorizing the sacrifice of the fallen. The stone memorials in nearly ever community were for those who died for King, country, and Empire. It was hard to reconcile these martyred heroes of the Empire with broken-minded men. Best to shunt the damaged off to hospitals or leave them to the care of their families.

Official reports prepared by the director of medical services observed that, throughout the post-war years, "cases are constantly presenting themselves in which a nervous or mental disability is complained of or has become noticeable after the lapse of periods varying from a few months to several years since discharge from the army."

A decade after the Armistice, Corps Commander Sir Arthur Currie recounted to a friend that "very often I have dreams about the war. In those dreams it is never ended and still goes on and I remember what a horrible feeling of disappointment I have. Sometimes the Germans are winning and sometimes we are; the war is fought in all sorts of strange places — sometimes the front line is east of Arras, at others through my old home in Western Ontario."

Thousands of families were left to fend for themselves with a son, husband, or father who was not the same man who had marched off to war. The *Saint John Telegraph Journal* ran a disturbing story on September 15, 1926, about a veteran who killed his parents with an axe. As the reporter laconically described it, the veteran was "not in his right mind."

Other veterans turned their anger and frustration inward.



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Canadian men, under great pressure to enlist, were unprepared for the reality of trench warfare.

For more about shell shock, go to CanadasHistory.ca

Decorated combat veteran Alexander McClintock, an American from Kentucky who enlisted with the Canadians and served as a machine-gunner and a sniper, was wounded on the Somme. He returned to the United States in 1917 to help with recruitment and wrote a best-selling book, *Best O'Luck*. Despite being publicly labelled a hero and enticed to give patriotic speeches, he could not adjust to life away from the front. In New York City, on the morning of June 28, 1918, exactly a year after he left the Canadian Expeditionary Force, he was found with a self-inflicted gunshot wound to the head. "Tortured by the insomnia brought on by his wounds, the soldier-author shot himself," reported one paper.

We'll never know how many veterans drowned their angst in alcohol, how many ended their lives with their own hands, or how many simply fell between the cracks in a country that had almost no social or medical safety net.

SOPHIE HOERNER COLLECTION

Witness to suffering

Canadian nurse Sophie Hoerner (shown above with two unidentified servicemen) wrote of the damaged men in her hospital: "I am witnessing terrible suffering. A weary road these men have trod. Some of them go right to pieces. Their nerve has gone and they cry like babies. Others just stare and say nothing, but have such a vacant look."

Three years after the war, 50,000 veterans had been awarded pensions on mental grounds in the United Kingdom. In Canada, by 1927, there were nine thousand Canadian veterans receiving pensions after being labelled disabled by "shell shock and neurosis." More than a decade later, the numbers had only been reduced to six thousand. In both Canada and the United Kingdom, many of the afflicted were ignored by sometimes callous bureaucrats who were stringent in applying rules that awarded pensions based on visible wounds. As historian Serge Durflinger has noted, in his study of post-war veterans with mental illness and those who had been rendered destitute financially, "society remained harshly unsympathetic to their plight."

In popular culture today, shell shock remains a powerful metaphor for the futility and brutality of the Great War. Joseph Boyden's celebrated novel, *Three Day Road*, focuses on two Native infantrymen who can only cope with the death they deliver as snipers through morphine abuse, and who even then break down from the mental strain.

Pat Barker's *Regeneration* trilogy employs shell shock as the central motif; the powerful film of the same name, staring Jonathan Price, captured well the horror of the war and how it drove men to madness. This was revealed in the hospital at Craiglockhart, Scotland, by the interaction of fictional characters with the real war poets Wilfrid Owen and Siegfrid Sassoon.

The recent Canadian film by Paul Gross, *Passchendaele*, has a central character who suffers from debilitating shell shock. The list goes on, with cultural products that envision and re-envision the war, turning to shell shock to capture the madness of the Western Front.

One of the most chilling poems of the war remains Wilfred Owens' "Mental Cases," which he wrote before his death in battle in 1918. He knew full well the grim future of many of his shell-shocked comrades:

Who are these? Why sit they here in twilight?
Wherefore rock they, purgatorial shadows,
Drooping tongues from jaws that slob their relish,
Baring teeth that leer like skulls' tongues wicked?
Stroke on stroke of pain, — but what slow panic,
Gouged these chasms round their fretted sockets?
Ever from their hair and through their hand palms
Misery swelters. Surely we have perished
Sleeping, and walk hell; but who these hellish?

— These are men whose minds the Dead have ravished.
Memory fingers in their hair of murders,
Multitudinous murders they once witnessed.
Wading sloughs of flesh these helpless wander,
Treading blood from lungs that had loved laughter.
Always they must see these things and hear them,
Batter of guns and shatter of flying muscles,
Carnage incomparable and human squander
Rucked too thick for these men's extrication.

Therefore still their eyeballs shrink tormented
Back into their brains, because on their sense
Sunlight seems a bloodsmear; night comes blood-black;
Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh
— Thus their heads wear this hilarious, hideous,
Awful falseness of set-smiling corpses.
— Thus their hands are plucking at each other;
Picking at the rope-knouts of their scourging;
Snatching after us who smote them, brother,
Pawing us who dealt them war and madness.

Many of the survivors of the Great War were forced to endure years of dreams haunted by the cries of the wounded living amidst armies of corpses. There was no armistice for those traumatized veterans, who continued to soldier in their private and relentless wars of the mind.

Et cetera

Shell-Shock: A History of the Changing Attitudes to War Neurosis by Anthony Babington. Pen & Sword, Barnsley, United Kingdom, 1997.

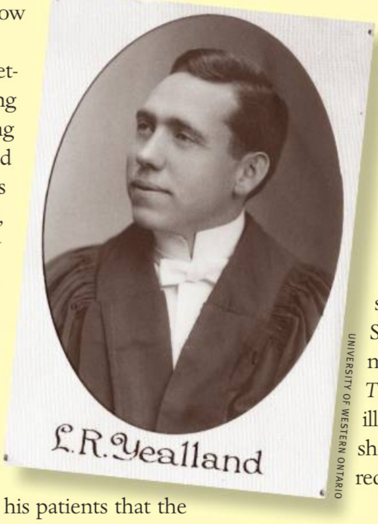
The Shock Doc

A pioneer in the treatment of shell shock, Lewis Ralph Yealland's reputation went from hero to zero. by Dennis Duffy

If Canadian soldiers are seen as the Western Front's shock troops, then Canadian expatriate psychiatrist Dr. Lewis Ralph Yealland fills a niche as the Great War's shock doc. His use of electroshock therapy on shell-shocked soldiers is today seen as callous and appalling. Yet in his time Yealland enjoyed a long and honoured career. His reputation did not take a dive until three decades after his 1954 death.

What happened? How did this demonization come to be?

Yealland was a 1912 medical graduate of the University of Western Ontario and a psychiatrist at Ontario's showplace mental institution, Lakeshore Hospital in Toronto, when the war broke out. He moved to London, England, and by 1915 was working with the shell-shocked at the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic at Queen's Square. In that work, Yealland practised what we now call aversion therapy on broken soldiers.



UNIVERSITY OF WESTERN ONTARIO

His job ultimately involved what poet-soldier Siegfried Sassoon termed "speeding glum heroes up the line to death." Using a technique termed "faradism," Yealland administered electric shocks to his patients in an effort to make them resume talking, or to make them stop uncontrollably twitching, or to free up a paralyzed limb, or to liven up a thousand-yard stare. In short, the doctor sought to bring his soldier-patients back from the blank mental wasteland where the trenches had buried them.

In Yealland's treatment room, the shocks went on and on — not unlike an artillery bombardment. He warned his patients that the jolts would not let up until the subject gave the doctor what he wanted. Generally, over several hours, the soldiers did so. When one of them indicated that the restoration was perhaps a bit fragile (he had lost it during an argument with a taxi driver), Yealland obligingly administered further shocks. The soldiers, or at least their commanders, sought to regain normality, to reassume their manly resolution and bearing, to return to being the brave fighting men they had once been.

Yealland did himself in, at least posthumously, because he proudly published what one critic has called an "over-dramatic" account of his treatments in a scientific monograph, *Hysterical Disorders of Warfare* (1918). The pain, jolts, and spasms marking those treatments may now strike us as the galvanic equivalent of waterboarding. They did not seem so at the time. Yealland published detailed and often theoretical accounts of his therapies because he was proud of his success, and not because he or his superiors had become wary subjects of a truth and reconciliation commission.

In fact, Yealland's commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel E. Farquhar Buzzard, praised the book and the treatments described there, in a celebratory introduction emphasizing his subordinate's good humour, tact, and determination. Historian Desmond Morton tells us that a Canadian military hospital in Ramsgate, England, soon began following Yealland's robust methods. It claimed a seventy-percent success rate, with success defined as rating a soldier fit to return to duty. Both the cure and the disease may themselves appear horrible to us now. They were not understood in that way then.

Yealland's post-war career was marked by professional advancement in London, where he spent the rest of his life. Nobody picketed his Harley Street practice. He gained appointments to distinguished boards and institutions, married a daughter of Anglo-Irish gentry, had two children, and received an honourary degree from his alma mater in 1948 (he never turned up for the ceremony). He also took up residence in the wealthy neighbourhood of Regent's Park. These were all signposts of professional success. His *Who's Who* entry tells us that he voted Conservative.

It wasn't until 1985 that his reputation shifted. That year, feminist scholar Elaine Showalter called Yealland "the worst of the military psychiatrists" in her influential book *The Female Malady*, a study of female mental illness that argued that the prevalence of shell shock in World War I compelled doctors to recognize that "hysteria" also affected men.

By 1991, Pat Barker's novel *Regeneration* (short-listed for the Booker Prize) and its 1997 film version had Yealland down pat. He had morphed into the role of Edward Hyde to that Dr. Jekyll of wartime psychiatry, Dr. W. H. Rivers, whose restorative, talk-therapy hospital sheltered poet Siegfried Sassoon. Ben Shephard's 2001 history of military psychiatry claims that an evangelical upbringing gave Yealland his fanaticism. Even if he had been religiously indifferent, then someone would have argued that cold scientism was the cause of his wickedness!

It is not Yealland's fault that the future shifted his era sideways and filed his monograph in the "atrocity" folder. To paraphrase Clemenceau, perhaps military psychiatry is to psychiatry what military music is to music. Yealland's cures won him credit because they worked. Those enduring them had no place to complain to. There was a war on.

Dennis Duffy is professor emeritus of English at the University of Toronto. He has written about the Vimy Memorial and other WWI topics.

THE Long ROAD HOME

Diagnosed with battle exhaustion, a World War II vet was told to forget the war. And so he did. by Mark Reid

The Lancaster bomber shudders as bullets pierce the skin of its fuselage.

Someone shouts, "Bail out! Bail out!" — and then all is chaos.

In an instant, Flying Officer Frank Rowan is tumbling from 18,000 feet, the wind screaming in his ears. As his parachute opens, slowing his descent, he is blinded by the flash of anti-aircraft fire and the inferno of Allied bombers bursting into flames.

Frank Rowan, (centre, looking into camera) shortly after his capture in Germany in 1945.

COURTESY OF FRANK ROWAN

He survives the landing but crashes into a fence, injuring his knee. Moments later, he hears the angry staccato of German voices, and just like that, Rowan — an Ottawa kid who joined the Royal Canadian Air Force because, well, his buddies from school were doing it, so why not him? – is a prisoner of war.

Almost sixty-five years later, Rowan sits at the dinner table in his Winnipeg home. Although he's eighty nine years old, his eyes are clear and his voice is strong as he recalls the nightmare he survived decades ago.

It's only when he's asked about the mental anguish he endured afterwards that his voice lowers to a whisper and his recollection dims.

"When I came back, I'd get nightmares and all kinds of stuff," Rowan says quietly. "I guess I had what they [now] call post-traumatic stress disorder."

Rowan's luck ran out, ironically enough, on March 17, 1945 — St. Patrick's Day. Then twenty-four, he was a veteran flight navigator on a Lancaster bomber crew. On that day, the target was Nuremberg. It was Rowan's thirty-fifth mission — and it was also his last.

Moments after dropping its payload, the heavy bomber was shot up by a German night fighter, likely a Messerschmitt Bf 110.

Rowan was captured immediately, interrogated, and then corralled with about two hundred other POWs. Soon, he and the others were marching eastward. They were barely on the road for a day when terror struck.

"We got strafed at ten in the morning," Rowan recalls. "I had no idea what was happening. Thirty or more guys were hit at the back of the line. You could hear a bunch of people screaming."

Rowan looked up and saw an American fighter plane. It

World War II veteran Frank Rowan at his home in Winnipeg. Declared dead by the military in 1945, Rowan considers himself lucky to have received a second chance at life.

MARIANNE HELM

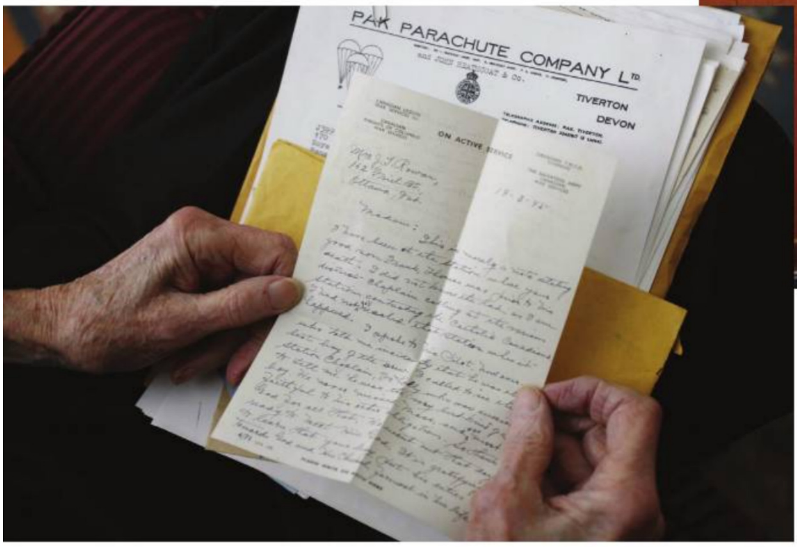
had mistaken the POWs for German soldiers.

After it flew off, the German guards devised a quick — and final — solution for the wounded.

"The guys who were badly wounded, they just shot them in the back of the head," Rowan says in disbelief. "Shot all the wounded. That was the last time we walked in daylight."

Such horrors were to become routine on the journey. Rowan and his companions were among more than 80,000 POWs driven eastward during the "death marches" of the winter and spring of 1945. For some, death came quickly and without warning.

On one occasion, a German guard lost control of his Doberman and it attacked a prisoner. "We were just struggling along when one of the dogs broke loose. The dog leaped up and got him in the throat," Rowan says, his voice rough with emotion. "An officer came back, spoke less than five minutes, and then shot the dog. He spoke another five minutes, and then shot the guard, put a blanket on him, and we kept on walking."



MARIANNE HELM

Above: Rowan holds a letter to his mother from a military chaplain expressing his condolences over her son's death. The military declared Rowan dead after he was shot down over Germany.

Rowan quickly learned to keep his head down and his mouth shut to avoid attention.

"I just wanted to get home," he says. "That was my main aim — to stay alive."

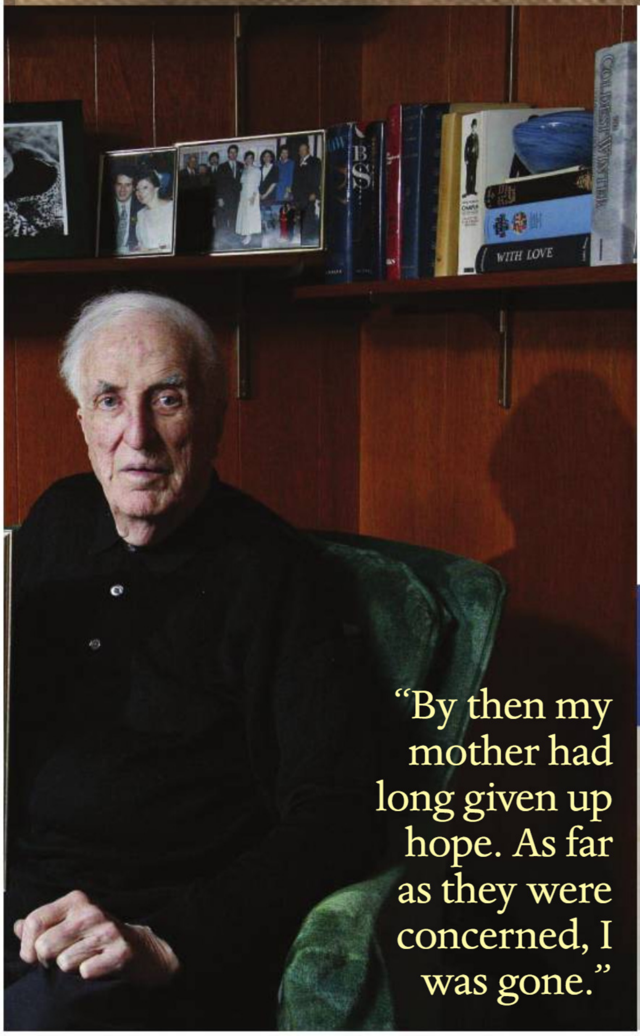
The POWs survived on a thin broth of water and boiled onions. Famished, the men lamented the food they had left uneaten during Christmas and New Year's dinners. Many died on the road, either from their wounds or from diarrhea or other illnesses. Rowan winces as he recalls one particularly gruesome duty he was called on to perform involving the corpses of Allied prisoners.

"We helped them pile the bodies together. They poured petrol, or benzene, as they would say, and cremated them right there. I saw that repeated a number of times."

They staggered across Germany for forty-five days until they finally arrived at a POW camp near the Czechoslovakian border, somewhere northeast of Stalag VII A, a major camp in the Moosburg region of southeast Germany. It's possible the camp was either Stalag 383 or Stalag XIII D — Rowan isn't sure.

Fortunately, Rowan's capture came at the very end of the war in Europe. Just as he arrived at the prison camp, Germany surrendered. Suddenly, he was on the march again as his German captors sought to turn over the prisoners and surrender to the Americans rather than face the wrath of the Russian army advancing from the east. Roughly seven days after VE day, Rowan and the others met up with the US Third Army commanded by General George Patton. The German guards surrendered and Patton immediately ordered his men to shoot all of the Dobermans and German shepherds.

Rowan said the Americans warned the POWs not to enter any nearby buildings, because they were likely booby-trapped. "It's amazing how many chaps got killed," Rowan says, shaking his head. "Some went into the washroom and were killed by explosions."



“By then my mother had long given up hope. As far as they were concerned, I was gone.”

MARIANNE HELM

Rowan is about to begin another story when his wife Anita enters the room. He greets her with a broad smile; together sixty-four years, they were sweethearts when Frank went off to war.

Anita returns the smile. Back in 1945, she believed she would never see Frank again, especially after military officials broke the news to Frank’s mother of his “death” over Germany.

“By then my mother had long given up hope,” Rowan says. “She had spoken to the padre and everything. As far as they were concerned, I was gone.”

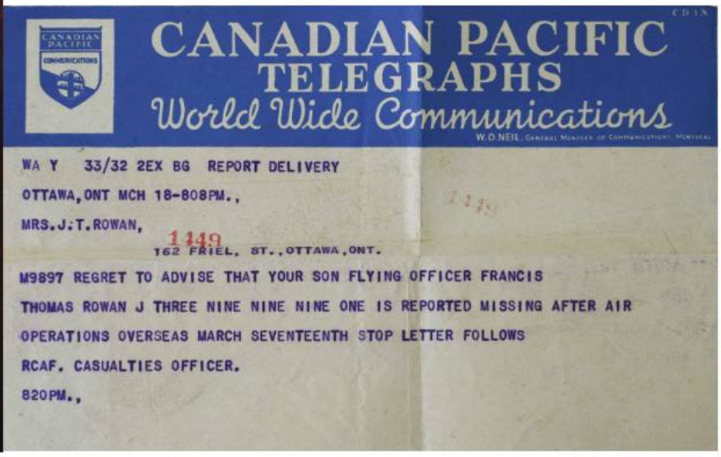
Rowan remembers stepping off a train in Montreal and seeing Anita and his mother standing there with tears spilling down their cheeks. With his head shaven, and his body emaciated after losing more than thirty-five pounds on the march, he jokes that the women “were sort of disappointed to see me the way I was!”

However, the joy of his return was muted by the nightmares that plagued his sleep. Exhausted and suffering from stress, he sought medical help. He was sent to Eaton Hall, a convalescent home for veterans located at the Muskoka, Ontario, summer estate of Lady Flora McCrea Eaton, a former nurse and the widow of department store president and heir Sir John Craig Eaton.

While Rowan remembers plenty of details about his time as a POW, his recollection of his medical treatment isn’t as sharp. “There were lots of tents,” he says. “It was very nice, well organized. They had nurses and doctors, and they treated us just like a child — oatmeal in the morning, lots of rest.” Frank recalls fondly the nurses massaging his feet, which had been torn up during the forced march. Doctors also ordered him to take barefoot walks in the grass as part of his treatment.

After about a month, they declared him cured and sent him home, with a warning: Stay away from anything that reminded him of war, including veterans’ organizations. And so he did.

“I just never dwelt on it. Never,” he says. “Terrible things happened there. There was just not much to talk about. And friends of mine who were veterans — not one of them spent five minutes talking about their experiences.”



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COURTESY OF FRANK ROWAN

Frank married Anita in 1946 and went to university. After graduation, he enjoyed a long and successful career in a variety of positions, including a role as an official with the Canadian Wheat Board who helped open up foreign markets to Canadian farmers.

For forty-three years, he basically willed himself to forget the war. But in 1988, at the urging of a former Lancaster crew mate, Rowan finally relented and joined the Wartime Pilots and Observers Association. He says it’s one of the best decisions he ever made. He remains an active member and cherishes the friendships he’s forged with fellow vets.

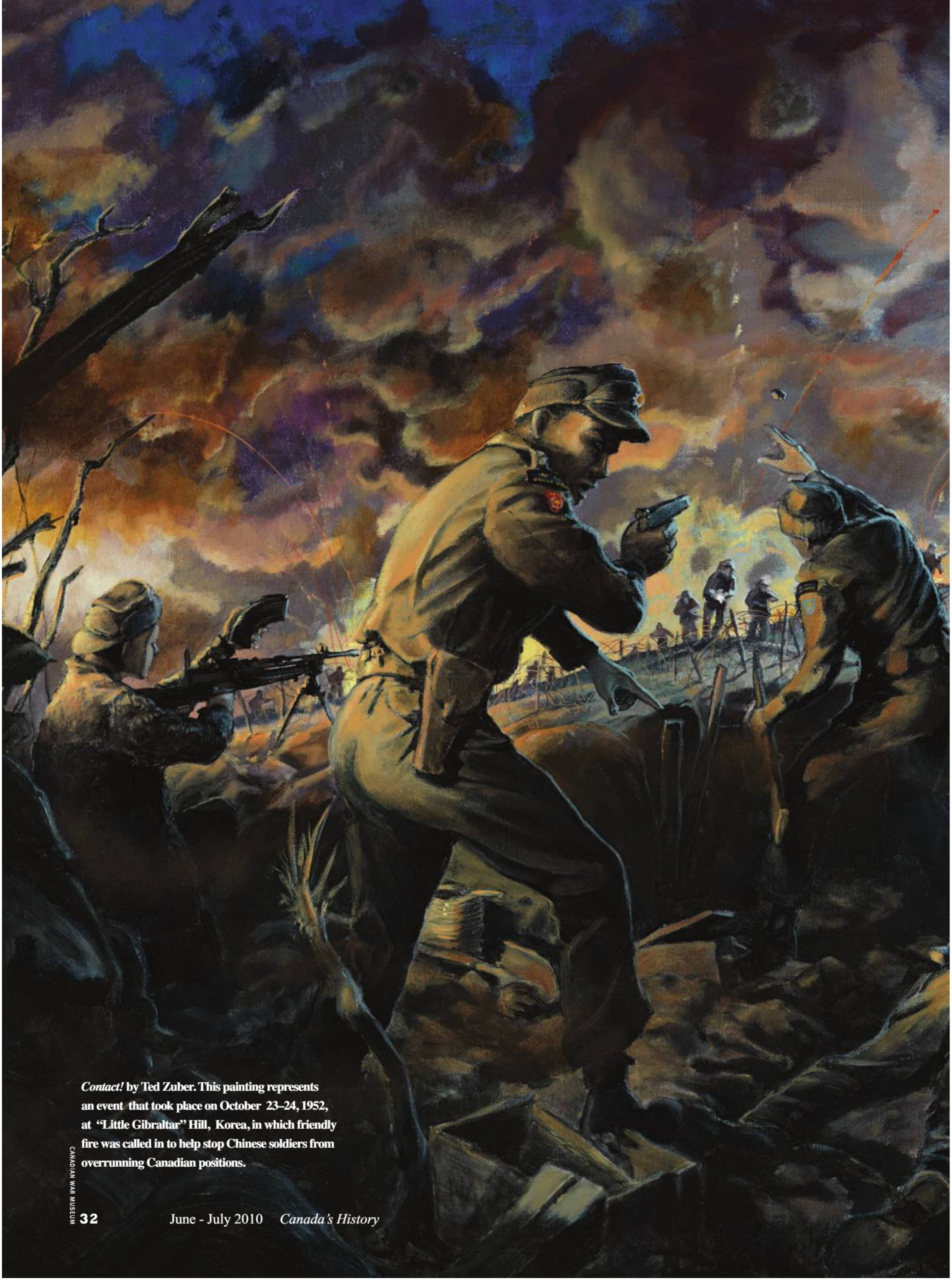
Today, Frank’s walls are filled with photos of his grandchildren. All things considered, he counts himself a lucky man. Declared dead by the military, he was given a second chance at life — a chance he made sure not to squander.

“When people ask me how old I am, I tell them I just count my blessings, not my birthdays,” he says. “We are very fortunate what we came through. Very fortunate.”

Mark Reid is Editor-in-Chief of *Canada’s History*.

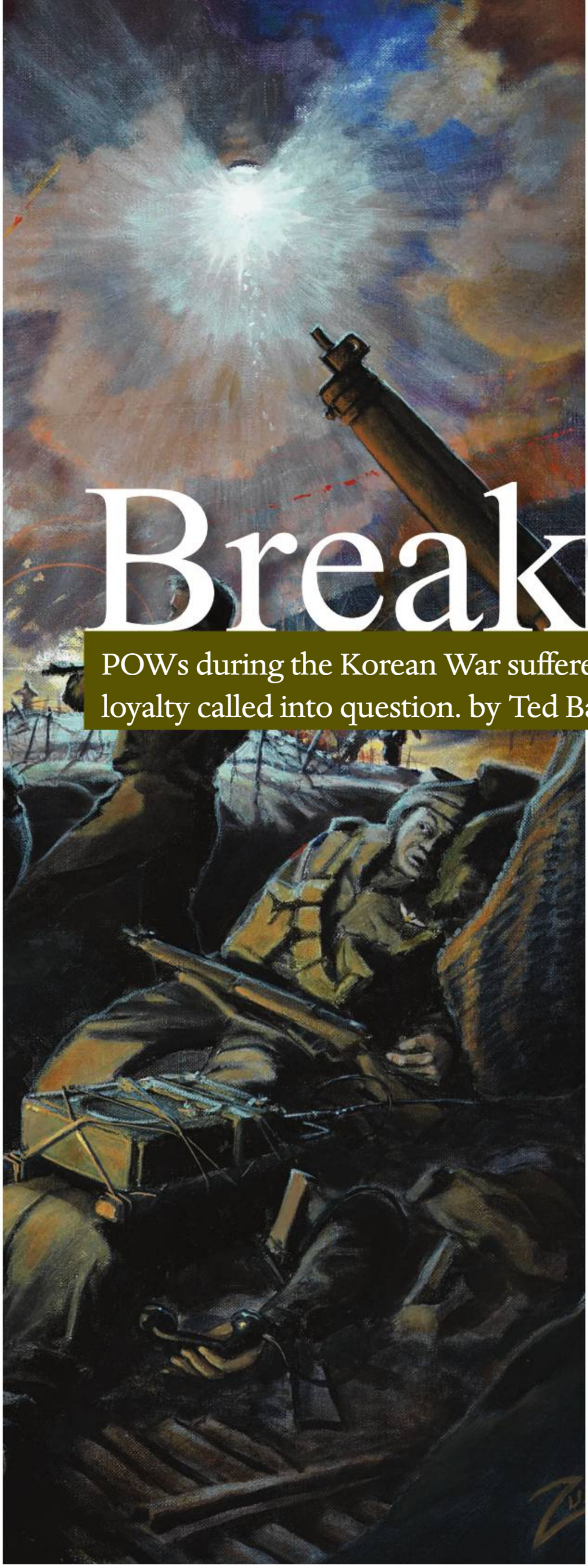
Centre: **Rowan with photographs taken following his capture. The pictures were taken by a German soldier and sent to him after the war.**

Above: **The telegraph sent to Rowan’s mother announcing that he was missing in action.**



Contact! **by Ted Zuber. This painting represents an event that took place on October 23–24, 1952, at "Little Gibraltar" Hill, Korea, in which friendly fire was called in to help stop Chinese soldiers from overrunning Canadian positions.**

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM



Breakdown

POWs during the Korean War suffered the added injury of having their loyalty called into question. by Ted Barris

Lance Corporal Len Badowich returned from a Korean War prison camp expecting a hero's welcome. He had no idea that his release from captivity would prove almost as harsh as the time he had spent being brutally interrogated by Chinese Communist soldiers.

Badowich could accept that the enemy called him a liar; what he couldn't understand was why his own people treated him like a criminal.

The young rifleman's ordeal began on the night of May 2–3, 1953. Badowich and his Royal Canadian Regiment platoon were defending Hill 187 along the 38th Parallel dividing North and South Korea. Chinese forces swarmed a forward trench, taking Badowich and six of his platoon mates prisoner. They marched northward to an abandoned farm, where the interrogations began.

At first, the process seemed relatively harmless. Then, the Chinese learned that the soldier from Brandon, Manitoba, had trained South Korean volunteers in the UN armies. The questioning suddenly grew intense.

"When is the South Korean army going to

Canadian Private Heath Mathews shows signs of exhaustion as he waits to be treated for facial wounds sustained in a night battle in June 1952.

take over from the Canadian Army?" the interrogator barked at him in perfect English.

Badowich thought, "How the hell would I know? I'm nineteen years old, a nobody, and they're asking me political and strategic questions."

"What rank do you hold?" the man continued.

"Lance corporal," Badowich said, but the Chinese were unfamiliar with Canadian ranks, so it merely infuriated the interrogator.

"No. You're higher than that. You train Koreans!"

The cross-examination went on for three days, with the interrogator pushing Badowich for information and Badowich unwilling and indeed unable to provide it. For his trouble, he faced reduced rations, beatings, sensory deprivation in solitary confinement, and monotonous brainwashing sessions.

They even blamed Badowich and his comrades for a cholera epidemic spreading across North Korea and China. They wanted the Canadians to sign petitions criticizing the United Nations and the Red Cross for triggering the Korean War.

"They blamed the epidemic on [us and the UN] dropping germ bombs," Badowich said. "But we didn't sign any of the petitions."

If his treatment at the hands of the Communist Chinese seemed abusive, Badowich soon discovered that his homecoming would be equally so.

"When I got back," after the truce in July 1953, Badowich recalled, "the first thing they did was have us swear allegiance to the Queen [Elizabeth II] because the King [George VI] had died."

Despite having resisted brainwashing and pressure to sign petitions, the loyalty of the freed POWs was clearly in question. It was the time of the Communist "red scare." There was suspicion that captive soldiers had been brainwashed into working for the Communist cause. Canadian non-commissioned officers mingled among the former prisoners, listening for any signs of Communist sympathy.

"Then, there was more interrogation by our own intelligence," Badowich continued, "as if we'd committed a crime. 'Why didn't you escape?' they asked us. How the hell do you escape in Korea where everybody is Oriental and you're white? Where do you go? Nobody could have escaped. These assholes made us feel like we had committed a crime — or deserted."

The only comfort Badowich received upon his return was a steak-and-ice-cream dinner on his first night of freedom. There was no debriefing, just a delousing. There was no decompressing, just a clean uniform, boots, and reassignment to his unit. He was given a basic physical, but no effort was made to assess the state of his mind after months of confinement and attempted brainwashing. His Canadian military masters seemed to have little interest in dealing with what has at various times been known as shell shock, combat fatigue, or battle exhaustion — a syndrome now know by the label post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD).

The military did provide former POWs with an assessment of sorts. Canadian Intelligence officers issued grades to all thirty-three Canadians who had been taken captive in North Korea. The colour-coded grades ranked them for their performance during internment in North Korea. A white grade meant undistinguished performance with satisfactory resistance. A light grey grade meant low resistance. And a black grade indicated low resistance and suspicion of collaboration with the enemy.

Eleven Canadians were graded light grey, nineteen POWs were graded white, one got black, and the last two were not graded. In other words, Canadian officials graded the majority of Canadian POWs' performance in Korea between satisfactory and undistinguished. None was considered better than average in the service of his country while in military prison.

There is no definitive evidence of Canadians in North Korean prison camps collaborating with their captors. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the thirty-three Canadians who were imprisoned there resisted interrogation and indoctrination and that they even sabotaged Chinese brainwashing attempts to a man.

ROYAL CANADIAN REGIMENT

The psychological trauma suffered by Korean War vets took many forms. Some could not cope with their emotions. Some, like Ted Zuber, lost their ability to feel anything at all. Zuber, an artist, joined Canada's Special Force for Korea during the first summer of the war, volunteering for sniper training. By October 1952, he was on the front lines with the Royal Canadian Regiment at a place called the Hook.

One night, Zuber crawled into a tunnel to catch up on some sleep. Beside him underground were a combat engineer, two South Korean labourers, a signaller friend, and about twenty new recruits. The reinforcements were preparing their weapons for the night's deployment. One of the men was told to prime a box of a dozen grenades in the tunnel. At about midnight, one of the grenades slipped from the recruit's hands. The resulting explosion decapitated one of the Korean workers and left the other Korean with severe chest wounds. The blast also broke the engineer's leg in two places, blew the signaller's foot off, and peppered shrapnel into the back of Zuber's legs and buttocks.

JIM LYNCH

Above: Former Canadian POWs enroute to a field dressing station. Len Badowich is fifth from left.

JIM LYNCH

Left: Ex-POW George Griffiths downs his first Canadian-style meal in ten months; it will make him sick.

When Zuber and the severely wounded South Korean arrived at a regimental aid station, Zuber directed a medic to attend to the South Korean first because his wounds were clearly life-threatening. But a medical officer noticed and shouted, "Hey! Our own first!"

"Something struck me," Zuber said. "I would appreciate that decision if I was really hurt. But I also remember being emotionally torn. So how should I feel after what [the officer] had just done to this corporal medic? And to the South Korean?"

Zuber described the South Korean's last moments, the creaking sound of the man's unconscious struggle to breathe, and his eventual stillness in death. He wanted to feel sympathy and loss, but he couldn't feel a thing.

"Emotion was a luxury we had learned to give up," he said. "You never thought of dying because you learned how to live without that thought. Emotion was something you just didn't tolerate."

Ted Zuber didn't fully realize this until after he'd

returned to Canada. It happened when he pulled out some of the sketches he'd made in Korea. Most were field renderings of buddies resting, showering, hanging their laundry, and writing letters home. He realized there was something missing.

"Their faces were like clay," he said. "There was nothing there.... They were emotionless. In an exaggerated way, they were about as interesting as a topographical map.... The drawings were totally useless to me. I never used any of them in my paintings. I wasn't allowing myself to [feel] anything while I was there. So the one thing I injected [into paintings] later was the emotion."

Like Badowich, Ted Zuber never received a full psychological debriefing. No official assessment was given.

This would not be the case today. Canadian soldiers who have returned from tours of duty in Afghanistan or from the peacekeeping missions of the 1980s and 1990s have been debriefed and decompressed before returning to civilian life. At the time of Korean War, though, returning veterans were considered, in the words of one platoon commander, to be little more than "an administrative problem to the processing staff."

One of those "administrative problems" was George Griffiths, who suffered far-reaching effects from his experience in Korea.

Like Len Badowich, Griffiths spent much of the last year of the war in a Chinese POW camp in North Korea. On August 23, 1953, when he was released to the UN side of the 38th Parallel, he was deloused, given a new set of clothes, and fed a big meal with Coca-Cola and beer. The food was so rich that he got sick. He flew home aboard a Canadian Pacific passenger plane.

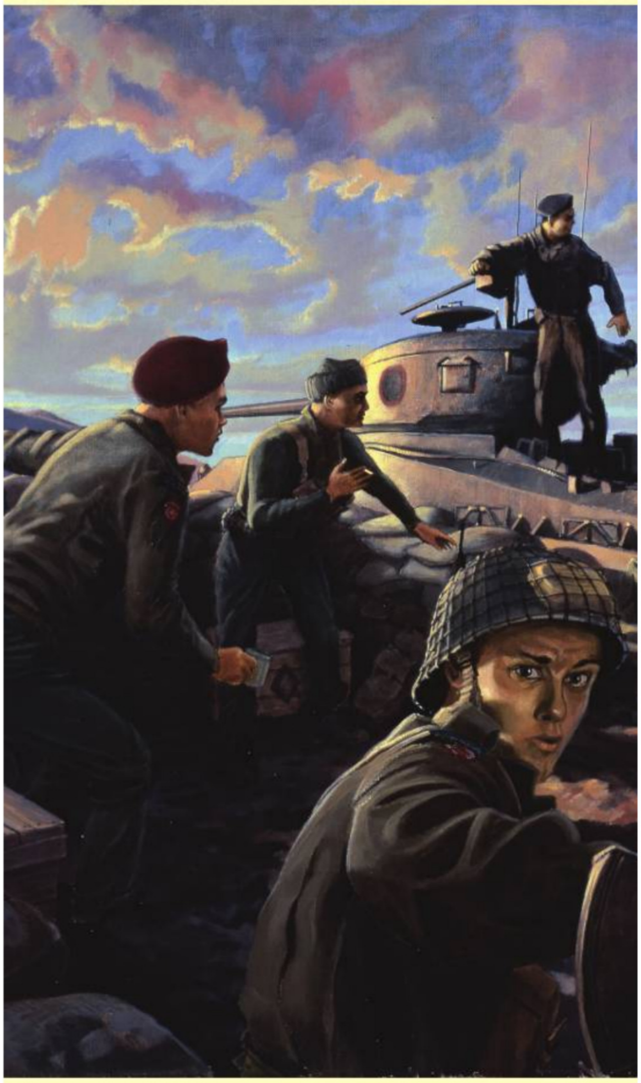
Aside from the bits of shrapnel he still carried in his body, he had only two mementoes of his imprisonment. One was a crucifix he'd fashioned from an empty tube of toothpaste. The other was a tiny booklet made from cigarette papers that contained all the names and addresses of the POWs with whom he'd been imprisoned. He'd hidden it under his belt during his imprisonment. After his release, the Canadian government confiscated it.

Some years later, Griffiths landed government work as a prison guard. In 1982, he was on duty at Ontario's Warkworth Penitentiary when there was an attempted escape.

Suddenly, he was back in North Korea in 1952 and a prisoner again, remembering the ten months of deprivation and brainwashing, reliving his own attempt to escape.

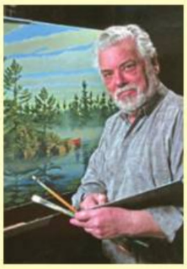
"I had one prisoner ahead of me and another behind," he recalled. "And I fired three times at the prisoner going by me. I wanted him dead.... I wanted him killed the same way [the Chinese] killed a Canadian soldier and walked over him in Korea.... You see, in my mind, I was surrounded again.... I was still a prisoner."

The shots George Griffiths fired missed the prisoners. His bosses removed him from the job, but they couldn't remove the cause of his anger. Like so many other Korean War vets, he would have to cope with shell shock on his own.



Brushes

Korean War vet overcame shell shock to

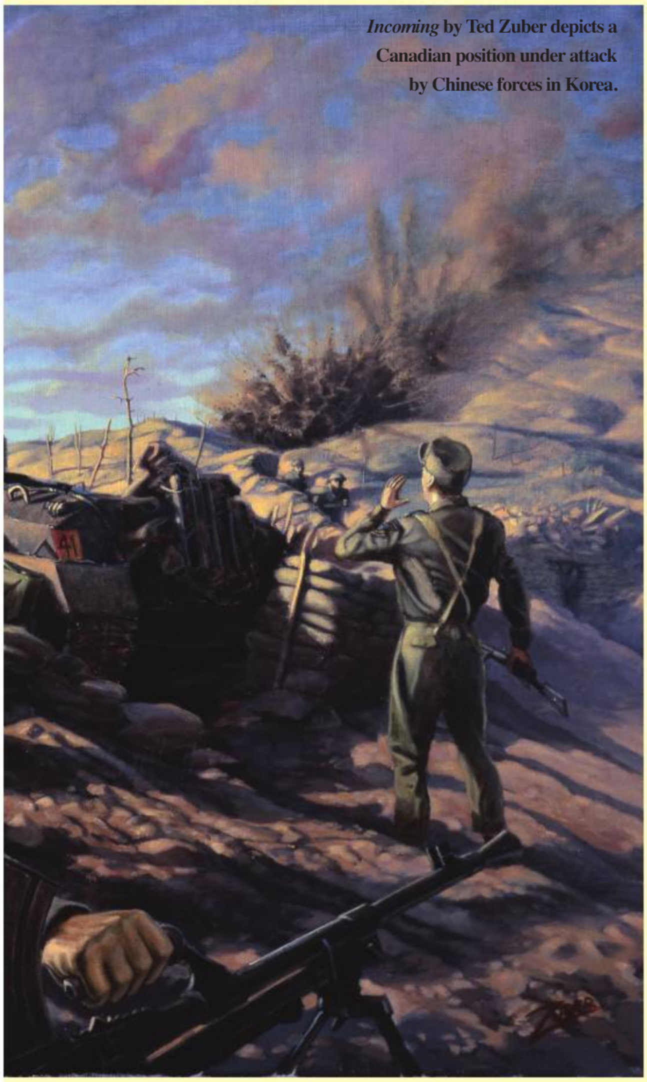


When the Korean War erupted, Canada didn't send an official artist to the conflict. Luckily, it had already had one there in the personage of Royal Canadian Regiment sniper Edward "Ted" Zuber.

Born in Montreal, Zuber studied art at École des Beaux-Arts de Montreal, and constantly carried a sketchbook with him on the front lines in Korea.

Involved in some of the fiercest fighting of the war, he returned to Canada determined to transform his sketches

SHELL SHOCK



Incoming by Ted Zuber depicts a Canadian position under attack by Chinese forces in Korea.

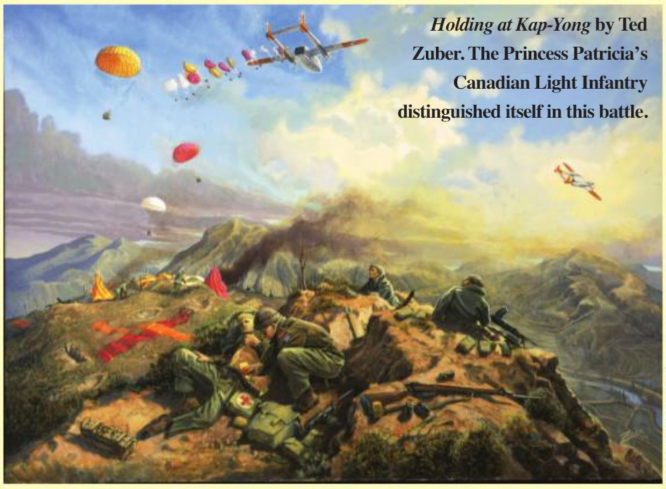
CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM

with war

become Canada's official artist of the Gulf War.

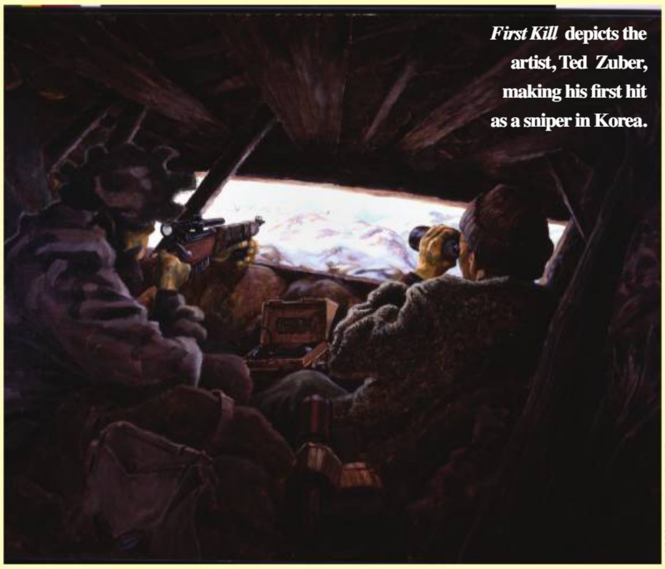
into vivid paintings depicting both raging battles and scenes of everyday life on the front lines.

His work came to the attention of the Canadian War Museum, which eventually purchased thirteen paintings that now hang proudly in the museum's collection. Four decades later, Zuber was chosen from a field of thirty candidates to become the official Canadian war artist of the first Gulf War. He completed hundreds of sketches and ten major paintings, which were purchased by the Department of National Defence. Zuber continues to paint today and is the only Canadian to hold both the Korean War medal and the Gulf and Kuwait War medal.



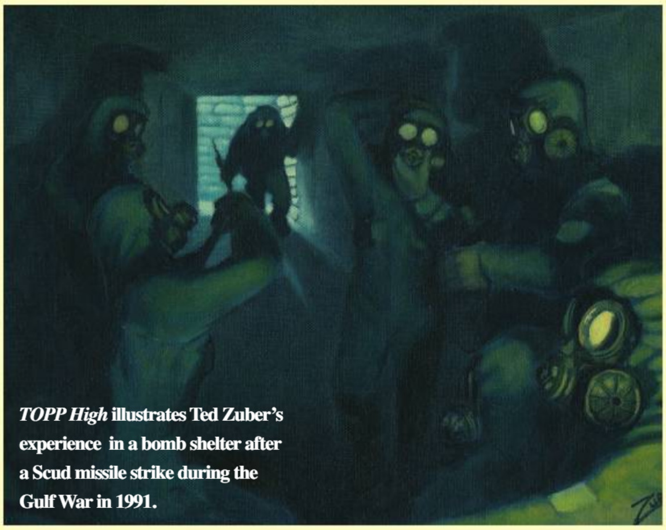
Holding at Kap-Yong by Ted Zuber. The Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry distinguished itself in this battle.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM



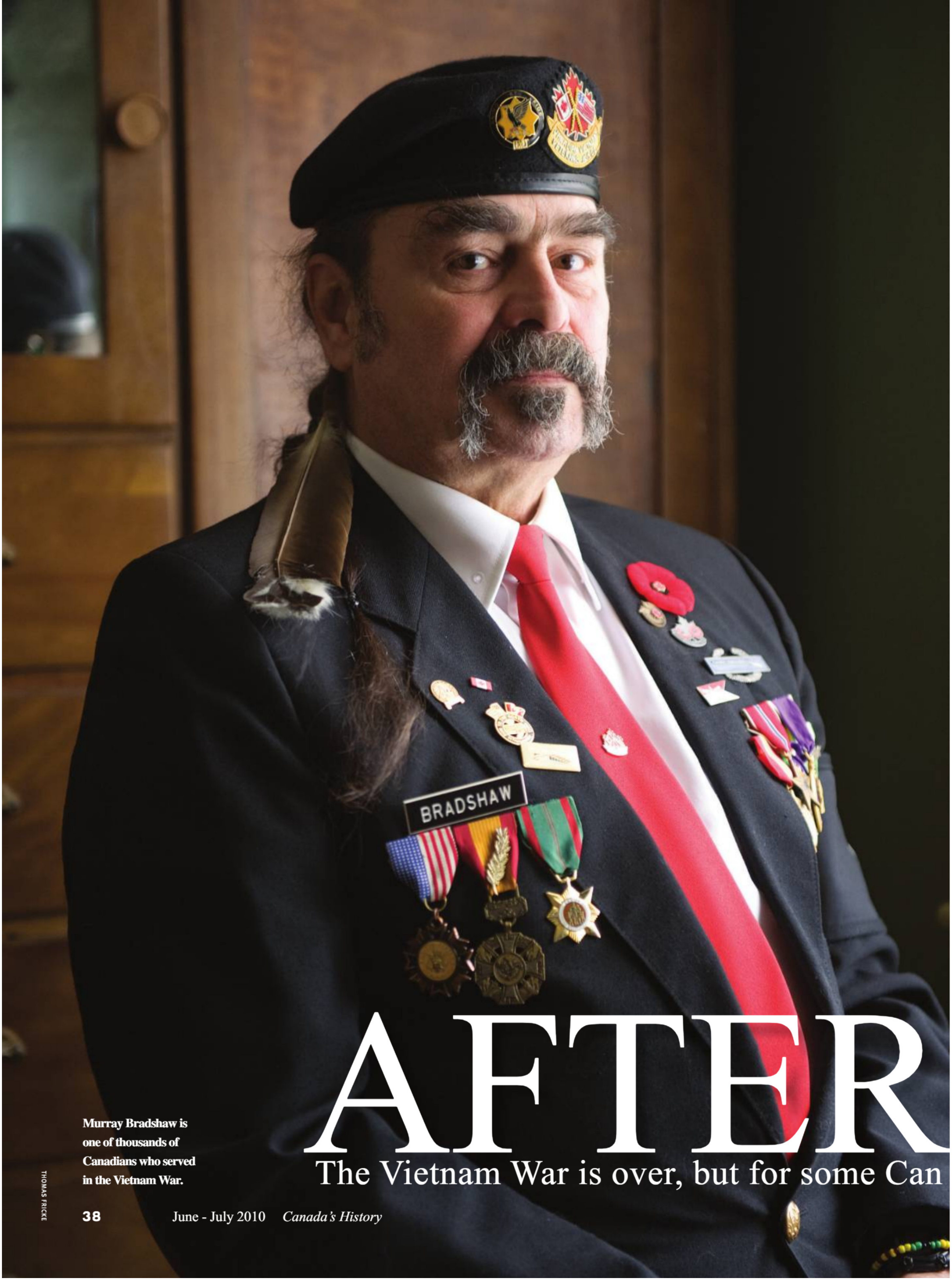
First Kill depicts the artist, Ted Zuber, making his first hit as a sniper in Korea.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM



TOPP High illustrates Ted Zuber's experience in a bomb shelter after a Scud missile strike during the Gulf War in 1991.

CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM



Murray Bradshaw is one of thousands of Canadians who served in the Vietnam War.

THOMAS FRICKE

AFTER

The Vietnam War is over, but for some Can

SHOCKS

adian veterans, the battle continues. by Mark Reid

A dream would be great. But after all these years, Murray Bradshaw would almost welcome a nightmare — anything to replace the void that fills his sleeping hours.

"I haven't had a dream since 1968. In fact, I haven't had any REM [rapid eye movement] sleep since 1968," Bradshaw says, his voice barely a whisper. "When I go to bed, it's like turning out a light in the room. There's nothing until I get up. I'm always waking up tired all the time because I never get REM sleep."

The sixty-one-year-old Winnipeg man has lived with this exhaustion of the mind for more than four decades; it's just one of the hardships he's faced as a result of post-traumatic stress disorder.

In 1967, Bradshaw — then a teenager living in Sherbrooke, Quebec — became one of thousands of Canadians who joined the fight in Vietnam. Since Canada was neutral in that conflict, they joined the American military.

Bradshaw's father, a career Canadian Air Force man, urged him on, saying there would be more opportunity for advancement in the US Army.

After basic training at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, and nine months of service in Hawaii, Bradshaw found himself heading to Qui Nhon, a coastal city in southeast Vietnam in November 1967. A member of the 1st Cavalry, American 23rd Infantry Division, Bradshaw's morale was high. He and his mates honestly believed in the cause of stopping the red tide of Communism from sweeping over Asia.

It didn't take long for disillusionment to set in.

The training drilled into Bradshaw was based on set-piece battles against uniformed soldiers. This soon proved useless in a guerrilla war where the enemy was often a civilian, attacking out of nowhere, then quickly melting back into the jungle or village.

"We were trained to fight a guy, let's say, in a purple uniform," he says. "We got green, they got purple. We shoot them, they shoot us. All of sudden you get to Vietnam and there's a kid throwing a grenade at you — a beautiful, little Vietnamese girl throwing a grenade at you. You've got to accustom yourself to killing women and kids. We weren't geared up for this. That's what blew a lot of guys away."

Bradshaw tried to soldier on, but two events occurred that forever changed his life.

The first was a Viet Cong mortar attack that claimed his best friend.

"The night Roland got killed, it changed our whole attitude," he says. "It was like somebody just pulled the whole rug out, 'cause our crew was really tight. It seemed like all the guys who got killed were the guys who were supposed to live forever."

The second event was My Lai.

On March 16, 1968, American troops attacked a Vietnamese village suspected of being a Viet Cong training and supply centre. Despite finding no evidence of Viet Cong activity, American troops killed between three hundred and five hundred civilians, including women, children, and elderly people. Soldiers also raped and tortured some of the villagers.

VICTORY IN VIETNAM

US DEPT. OF DEFENSE

Above: A soldier takes part in the burning of My Lai on March 16, 1968.

Bradshaw's tank unit took part in the attack on My Lai, but was about half a kilometre away from the actual village during the massacre. In the wake of My Lai, Bradshaw says his faith in the cause was shattered.

"We'd ask 'What are we actually doing here?' and nobody could give you an answer," he says. "It became pointless. If we're not fighting for a reason, why am I offering you my life?"

Bradshaw was wounded during his time in Vietnam and received the Purple Heart, as well as the Bronze Star. His tour of duty ended in December 1968, and after a year-long posting in Germany he left the military in 1970.

Canadians in Vietnam: the aftermath

- Between 10,000 and 40,000 Canadians served in Vietnam.
- In a 1989 survey of Canadian Vietnam vets, fifty-two per cent reported symptoms of post-traumatic stress disorder. The American study said the rate of chronic PTSD among Canadian vets was 2.3 times higher than that of U.S. vets and cited isolation and lack of support as likely reasons.
- Canadian Vietnam vets are not generally eligible for medical benefits from Veterans Affairs Canada. They were not eligible for medical benefits from the United States government until 1988.

Like many Vietnam vets, his return to the United States was far from welcoming.

"It was more like getting dog shit thrown at you, and being called a baby-raper," he says, his voice cracking with emotion.

Bradshaw says he bounced around for several years, living in South Dakota, Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin before moving to Dryden, Ontario, in the late 1970s to be closer to his parents. Shortly after arriving, he headed down to the local Royal Canadian Legion branch to try to join. He soon discovered that Canadian veterans didn't want to associate with him. They considered him a mercenary for fighting under the American flag and refused his request for full membership status.

"They told me I could be an 'associate member,'" he says, spitting out the word like it was venom. "Excuse me? I'm a combat veteran. I've been wounded in action. And you're going to tell me I can be a pretend member? You guys are supposed to support us, not look down on us."

Fighting depression, he was unable to hold down a steady job. He was twice married and twice divorced. Filled with anger and exhausted from lack of sleep, he turned to alcohol to escape.

COURTESY MURRAY BRADSHAW

Above: Murray Bradshaw in 1968 during his tour of duty with an American tank unit in Vietnam.

"Nobody knew what the hell was wrong with me," Bradshaw says. "They just thought, 'you can't hold down a job, you're listless, you're irritable all the time — my God, what's wrong with you? Why can't you just be like everyone else?' Even my parents said, 'the military just screwed you up so much.' I didn't come back the same person."

Like other Canadian Vietnam vets, Bradshaw was ineligible for help from Canada's Veterans Affairs Department. He considered applying for benefits from the American Department of Veterans Affairs, but in his depressed state he was convinced it would just turn him down. So for the longest time he didn't apply.

By the early 1980s, Bradshaw was living in Winnipeg. In 1986, he joined the newly established Winnipeg-based Canadian Vietnam Veterans Association. The association gave him a new sense of purpose and focus and likely played a role in his deciding in 1992 to apply for US veterans' benefits. Spirits high, he underwent an official assessment and was promptly turned down because he didn't display any obvious physical disabilities. It was a devastating blow.

For the next four years, Bradshaw struggled on. Then a lifeline appeared in the form of a phone call from members of the Vietnam Veterans of America. Officials there told him that the American V.A. had recently changed its attitude toward Canadian veterans. At the urging of his American comrades, Bradshaw suddenly found himself in a car driving down to Fargo, North Dakota, to be examined by an American military psychiatrist.

After a forty-five minute examination, and after filling out mountains of paperwork, Bradshaw was diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder.

Suddenly, all the lost years and pent-up anger made sense.

"It was like … I'm not crazy, then? There is actually a reason why I'm going through this?"

The diagnosis gave him a new focus on life. He even found the woman of his dreams and married her. Sadly, Betty Bradshaw died in 2001 from hepatitis C contracted during the tainted-blood scandal.

"[She was] the only lady I found after thirty-four years that understood me, and I loved her so much," Bradshaw says. "I only had her seven years, and then she disappeared."

Today, Bradshaw remains actively involved with the Canadian Vietnam Veterans Association — he's the current sergeant-at-arms — and is still learning to live with PTSD.

"My main thing right now is trying to combat depression every day," he says. "It's a constant battle every day just to walk out the door."

Bradshaw hopes that talking about his disorder will encourage others to seek help for their post-traumatic stress. He especially worries about the men and women currently serving in Afghanistan.

"The guys coming back from Afghanistan, my heart goes out to them, because I know what they going through. Somebody has to support them, because there is going to be a lot of screwed-up guys, man."

Mark Reid is the Editor-in-Chief of *Canada's History*.

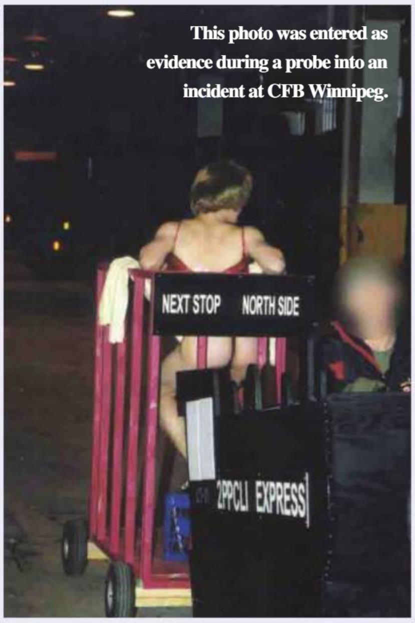
Off the rails

A disturbing incident in 2002 shows that the stigma surrounding shell shock in the Canadian military has not gone away.

Amid ripples of laughter, the parade float rolled into view.

Standing in a pink makeshift "jail cell" was a Canadian Forces private sporting a thong, women's lingerie, and a blond wig. As the male soldier hammed it up for the crowd, signs on the float proclaimed, "2 PPCLI Express. Next Stop North Side. CT-01." Another sign, spotted by some witnesses, read "Crazy Train."

Written off by some military members as a harmless prank, the incident that took place at CFB Winnipeg on November 22, 2002, would spark an inquiry that revealed widespread discrimination in the military against soldiers with "operational stress disorder." Operational stress disorder (OSI) is the contemporary name for mental illness that arises out of military operations.



This photo was entered as evidence during a probe into an incident at CFB Winnipeg.

CANADIAN FORCES OMBUDSMAN

The findings of the inquiry echoed attitudes that go back all the way to the First World War, when sufferers of "shell shock" — as they called it then — were often viewed as cowards or malingerers.

The "Crazy Train" incident took place the same year Canadian troops began their deployment in Afghanistan. About four hundred men and women had gathered at Kapyong Barracks on the south side of CFB Winnipeg to celebrate a traditional day of sports competition between members of the 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry.

According to a report filed in March 2003 by then-Canadian Forces Ombudsman André Morin, many witnesses found the parade to be "fun and enjoyable." But at least one person — a civilian peer-support counsellor who works on base with OSI sufferers — wasn't laughing. After several of his patients privately told him they had found the float offensive, he lodged a complaint with his superior officers.

The ombudsman's investigation discovered that the term "north side" referred to the location at CFB Winnipeg where patients with OSI received treatment. The phrase "crazy train" was a derogatory term used by the rank-and-file to belittle OSI patients.

Morin titled his 2003 report "Off the Rails: Crazy Train Float Mocks Operational Stress Injury Sufferers." It quotes one soldier involved with the float as saying: "We came up with the idea of the Crazy Train … everybody knows and talks about the Crazy Train. Some people deserve to be helped, but some individuals that have gone to the North Side don't deserve to be there and are getting a free ride."

The comments seemed to reflect widespread attitudes.

For instance, two Forces members told investigators that they dared not report OSI symptoms to their superior officers. "If you do that, you're blacklisted," testified one member. "You're expected to suck it up and soldier on," reported another.

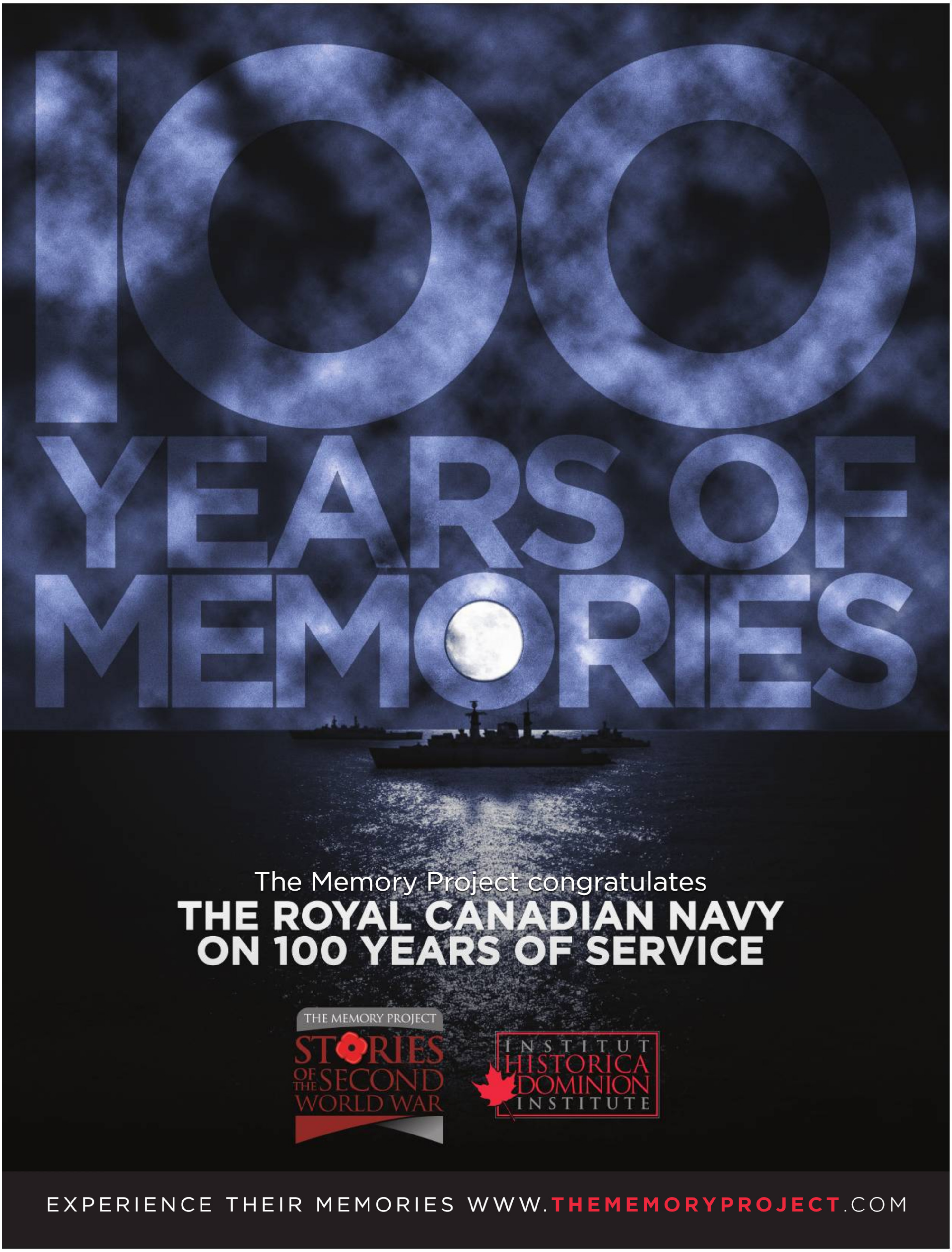
And in an earlier ombudsman's report filed in February 2002, a medical officer with twenty years experience testified that soldiers diagnosed with post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) "are often insulted, accused of being weak, of using the system, and [are] ostracized by the unit…. Others regard these folks with disgust and very little compassion. They make fun of the soldier."

The incidence of OSI in the military has increased in recent years due to the ongoing war in Afghanistan. In a 2008 story, *The Hill Times* of Ottawa stated that at least fourteen percent of Canadian troops returning from Afghanistan had reported some sort of operational stress injury. That adds up to about 3,500 of the 25,000 Canadians who have served in Afghanistan since 2002. These disorders include major or minor depression, suicidal thoughts, generalized anxiety disorder, panic disorder, or PTSD.

Changes have been made since the release of the 2003 ombudsman's report, which had called for efforts — including educating military personnel about OSI — to erase the stigma surrounding mental health disorders in the military.

In 2009, Veterans Affairs Canada launched a new program to improve the cooordinaton of benefits and other help for veterans with operational stress injuries. Veterans Affairs offers a wide range of services to Canadian Forces members, veterans, and their families, including a number of treatment clinics across the country.

— **Mark Reid**



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Above: Ellen Fairclough is sworn in as the MP for Hamilton West in 1950. She would go on to become Canada's first female cabinet minister. Also shown in photo are clerk Leon Raymond (left) and PC party chief George Drew.

CANADIAN PRESS

Women of the House

Ninety years ago women won the right to sit in Canada's Parliament. Former MP **Deborah Grey** warns us not to squander that victory.

All of the women who have been elected to Parliament since 1920 would fit into a medium-sized banquet room — twenty-two tables of ten women each, with a couple of spare seats. Not a huge crowd, but a colourful one, with the likes of Agnes Macphail, Judy LaMarsh, Kim Campbell, and me….

Since July 1, 1920, 218 women have won seats in the House of Commons. As someone who grew up knowing that I could throw my hat in the electoral ring, it seems hard to believe that my own nana was disenfranchised.

A single mother, Lilian Russell raised two young daughters — my Aunt Joan and my mother Joyce. Yet for the longest time my grandmother couldn't even vote, let alone put her name on the ballot!

After women gained the right to vote in federal elections in Canada (a right which took effect on January 1, 1919), it seemed inevitable that we would want to take the next step and agitate for election to the House.

I'm sure some of the sitting MPs of the time rued the day that they gave us the vote. Fortunately, a majority of men in the House thought otherwise and passed the Dominion Elections Act, which permitted women to stand for office. It received royal assent July 1, 1920.

On December 6, 1921, Agnes Macphail became the first woman to win a seat as an MP. A schoolteacher from rural Ontario who ran for the Progressives (she later became part of a splinter group that was a forerunner to the NDP), Macphail credited her father for getting her to Parliament — and her mother for being able to stick it out once she arrived.

As the only woman in the cavernous chambers of the House of Commons, Macphail's knees must have been knocking when she arrived, but she managed to hold her

If Agnes were here today, I'm sure she would give us all a good tongue-lashing!

Above: Agnes Macphail was in Parliament from 1921 to 1940. She later served in the Ontario legislature as a member of the CCF. She is shown with fellow CCF member Eamon Park in 1949.

CANADIAN PRESS

Right: Secretary of State Judy LaMarsh in 1968. She was the second female federal cabinet minister in Canadian history.

own: "When I first came to the House of Commons and walked out into the lobby, men sprang to their feet. I asked them to sit down … I didn't want them doing me favours."

Her quick wit was legendary. On one occasion, a male MP asked her, in a simpering tone of voice, if she had ever been mistaken for a man. She replied, "No … have you?"

Macphail set the stage for the rest of the women who would follow her in Parliament. Yet it would be thirty-six years before a woman would sit at the federal cabinet table. That honour fell to Ellen Fairclough, a Progressive Conservative appointed to the cabinet of John Diefenbaker in 1957. Fairclough held the portfolios of secretary of state, citizenship and immigration, and postmaster general of Canada, as well as serving as Canada's first female acting prime minister for two days, from February 19 to 20, 1958.

Others followed Fairclough — Liberal Judy LaMarsh in the Lester Pearson cabinet in 1963; Jeanne Sauvé, another Liberal, in Pierre Trudeau's cabinet in 1972; and Iona Campagnola in the Trudeau cabinet in 1976.

The list of other accomplished female MPs includes Monique Begin, who served as a senior minister during the Trudeau years, and Flora MacDonald, who was named to Joe Clark's cabinet in 1979.

In the ensuing years, barriers to women continued to fall. I made Canadian history in a 1989 by-election by becoming the first Reform Party member elected to Parliament. Like Macphail, I, too, was a schoolteacher. I arrived in Ottawa from rural Alberta.

While I was campaigning, a farmer in a small town said to me, "I think you would do good down there, but you got two things against you — you're a schoolteacher, and you're a woman. You'll never make it." However, in another town in my riding, an older man said to me, "I am going to vote for you. The men have had over one hundred years to run our country, and look at the job they've done. I'm taking a chance on you."

When I did take my seat in the House of Commons, I remember being absolutely terrified! I was one of only forty female MPs out of a total of 295. My "aloneness" was enormous. I was the only Reformer. And I am sad to say that I was not embraced by women of other parties, probably because the partisan boundaries were still so strong. Also, I was not seen as a "wild-eyed feminist." In fact, during my first term, the National Status on the Council of Women, headed by Judy Rebick, burned me in effigy on Parliament Hill. Pathetic? You bet! Helping further the cause of women in the political arena? Not exactly….

The same year I was elected, Audrey McLaughlin became the first woman to become a federal party leader, taking over the reins of the NDP from Ed Broadbent.

Prime Minister Brian Mulroney put many capable women in his cabinet, including Barbara McDougall and Kim Campbell. Campbell won the leadership of her party in 1993 — interestingly, she was nominated by Ellen Fairclough — and became the first female prime minister of Canada. (See accompanying story.)

When Jean Chrétien became prime minister in 1993, Sheila Copps became Canada's first female deputy prime minister. In 1995, Alexa McDonough took over from McLaughlin to head the NDP. And in 2000, I served as the leader of the official Opposition — the first woman ever to hold that post.

In my fifteen years serving in Canada's Parliament, I never felt like I was fulfilling a role as a "token woman." I abhor that notion. My guess is that Agnes Macphail would have hated it too. If we can't attain a seat at the table she set for us based on our own merit, the last ninety years have been in vain.

I have always said that I would never ask anyone to vote for me simply because I am a woman. There is something about that that undermines everything that Agnes and so many others stood for and fought for. We have been given the privilege, and the right, to run for public office, and we need to use that wisely.

The percentage of women MPs is still very low — approximately twenty percent. So how do we raise that number? Well, for starters, young women need to be shown the relevance of being in public office. Sadly, many young women have told me that they don't see Parliament as useful, and are disengaged from the whole political process.

If Agnes were here today, I'm sure she would give us all a good tongue-lashing!

It is absolutely necessary for women to be in Parliament. The part of the job I loved the most was being able to help so many people in my riding. Being an MP also offered me the opportunity to travel across the country and meet amazing Canadian women, including students. It has been fun to see those same young women, many years later, doing incredible things.

Today, a bronze statue of Agnes Macphail sits in the lobby of the Members' entrance to the chambers of the House of Commons. Every time I went into the House, I patted the statue on its head and said, "Hi, Agnes. Thanks." She set the table, and saved me a seat. She has one saved for you, too. Will you join her?

CANADIAN PRESS

Kim Campbell wins the Tory leadership on June 13, 1993.

CANADIAN PRESS

Rise, fall, and rebound: Canada's first female PM

Kim Campbell acknowledges that when she arrived in the House of Commons in 1988, there were no obvious gender hurdles to speak of.

"By the time I came to Parliament, people were accustomed to women, to the sound of our voices, and it was a lot easier to speak in your own voice and be accepted," says Campbell, who enjoyed the kind of meteoric rise in federal politics that Agnes Macphail could only have dreamed of. Campbell was appointed to cabinet as soon as she was elected, serving in four portfolios before winning the leadership of the Progressive Conservative party in 1993.

Campbell's historic tenure as prime minister was brief — a 132-day stretch in 1993. Some have argued that the brilliant and outspoken leader was doomed from the start. Campbell took over from Brian Mulroney at a time when the Tory party's popularity was dismally low. Although she was initially more popular than Liberal Leader Jean Chrétien, her poorly managed campaign led to the worst federal electoral defeat in Canadian history.

Campbell was quick to bounce back, carving out a successful career as a diplomat, academic, corporate director, and board member for a variety of influential international organizations. Now a resident of Paris, France, she has mingled on the world stage with everyone from former U.S. president Bill Clinton to the Dalai Lama.

While her time as PM was short, Campbell looks back today with pride in what she did accomplish in that time. For instance, she dramatically streamlined the federal cabinet and broke new ground in consulting with provincial premiers. She also became a role model.

"I have to say it was a great pleasure for me to be a woman prime minister, that I felt that when I met young women across the country, I felt it really meant something to them, to see one of their own in that position.

"I'm sorry it didn't last longer." **—Nelle Oosterom**

To hear a podcast with Kim Campbell, go to CanadasHistory.ca

Wheelmen ride bicycles

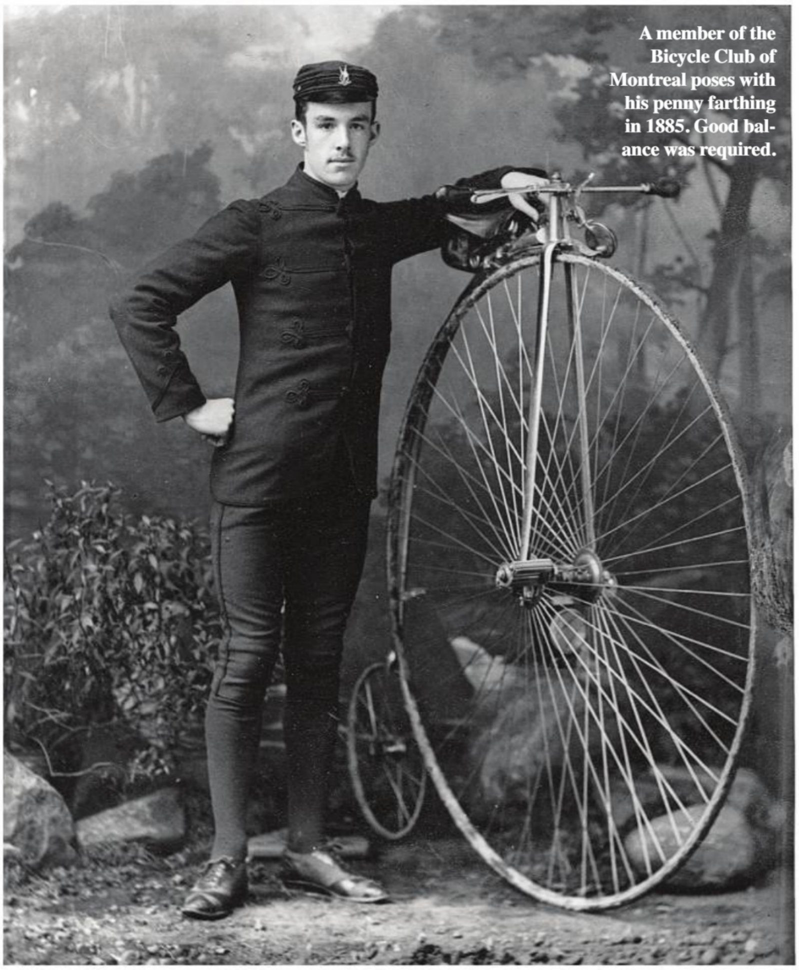
Canada's leading bike racer is part of a long cycling tradition in this country.

"It was definitely a special day, going up to the start line in Brest," says Ryder Hesjedal. "I was about the fourth Canadian ever in a Tour de France, and only a couple had completed the Tour."

These days anyone with cable or satellite can watch day-by-day coverage of the Tour de France, the 107-year-old combination of sports competition, travel tour, and endurance trial. I get hooked every July, but particularly since 2008, when Hesjedal, of Victoria, B.C., became the first Canadian in more than a decade to ride the Tour.

Canada's history of cycling is about as old as the bicycle itself. Canada has long been tied into new global technologies, trends, and fads, and as soon as something like a bicycle — two wheels, pedals, handlebars — was invented in Europe in the 1860s, examples began turning up in Nova Scotia, in Ontario, and across Canada.

Before chain drives and gears were invented, pedals were connected directly to the front wheel, and the only way to increase speed was to enlarge the front wheel as much as possible. As a result, the penny farthing was born. These spectacular machines — giant wheel in front, tiny wheel in back — were expensive, and riding one was a high-wire act. The bold young gentlemen who founded wheelmen's clubs, first in Montreal, then across the country, thought of themselves as a special breed.



A member of the Bicycle Club of Montreal poses with his penny farthing in 1885. Good balance was required.

MCCORD MUSEUM

In the 1890s, the invention of chain drives and inflatable rubber tires produced the "safety bicycle" — the bicycle as we know it today, more or less. Suddenly, everyone could ride and cycling exploded across the Western world, including Canada. In the 1890s, Canada had scores of small-town bike manufacturers. Tens of thousands of enthusiasts biked. Some of the Klondike gold rush miners even took bicycles to the Yukon with them.

The social impact was huge: Cheap, carefree transportation was available for everyone in a way that had never existed before. Some said bicycles did as much as the suffrage movement to unleash the independent spirit of women.

But the craze didn't last. Bike sales crashed early in the twentieth century as the automobile and streetcars took over. Hundreds of bike builders in Canada were consolidated into a single Canadian brand: CCM. The Canadian Cycle and Motor Company would dominate the market for most of a century. Biking became a hobby or a kid's thing in most of Canada.

York University geographer Glen Norcliffe is a historian of cycling who is sometimes seen riding his penny farthing across southwestern Ontario. ("A penny farthing gives a very quiet ride," he says. "No click of the gears, no chain, just the rush of the wind.") When I asked him about the history of bicycle racing, he laughed. "If you put two cyclists together, well, pretty soon…."

Indeed, bike racing has a long Canadian pedigree. In the 1930s, Canadians like Doug and Torchy Peden of Victoria starred in the hugely popular North American six-day bicycle races (two-man teams rode Monday through Saturday, to avoid Sunday racing).

In 1937, Pierre Gachon joined a British team and became the first Canadian ever to venture into the Tour de France. Unfortunately, 1937 saw the derailleur introduced to Tour bikes, meaning riders could shift gears without dismounting. Without the new technology, Gachon was hopelessly outmatched. He withdrew on the first day. To make things worse, official Tour records still identify Gachon as British.

Recreational cycling boomed in the 1970s, when "everyone had to have a ten-speed" (as William Humber's history of Canadian biking, *Freewheeling*, put it) or later, a mountain bike. Gradually, North America rediscovered the bike as commuter vehicle. Cyclists began to fight for space on Canadian city streets.

Canadian racers came back to prominence, too, led by Jocelyn Lovell and then by Steve Bauer, Olympic silver medallist in 1984. They were followed by Clara Hughes, who won double bronze in cycling at the 1996 Olympics — this was before Hughes became a medal-winning Winter Olympian in speed skating. Also in 1996, Alison Sydor won an Olympic silver in mountain biking.

In the 1980s, Alex Stieda and Steve Bauer became Canada's first serious Tour de France competitors. Starting in 1985, Bauer competed in eleven consecutive Tours. These were the pre-Lance Armstrong days, when North Americans were barely accepted on the Tour. But Bauer became a European celebrity, placing fourth overall in the 1988 Tour at a time when there questions about the doping habits of some of his rivals. Bauer frequently wore the leader's yellow jacket.

Today, Ryder Hesjedal is Canada's leading international bike racer and is an established Tour de France competitor.

He started off as a mountain biker in B.C. and says he initially had little knowledge of Canada's riding heritage.

"When Steve Bauer was at the Tour, I was about ten years old," he laughs. But he thinks the future for Canadian racers is bright. "There are possibly more young racers than there have ever been. Canadian cycling is in a really good place."

Indeed, there may soon be a Canadian team at the Tour de France. High-tech entrepreneur Jim Balsillie does not have his NHL hockey team yet, but he's supporting SpiderTech, a new Canadian racing team. It has some history behind it, too — its director of racing is Steve Bauer, and it is aiming for the highest levels.

Meanwhile, it's up to Hesjedal to carry the maple leaf up the Alps and Pyrenees and down the Champs Élysées. I'll be tuning in.

Christopher Moore comments in every issue of *Canada's History*.

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KEN McGOOGAN

Kilting Canada

How the Scots invented Canadian diversity.

As a seventh-generation Canadian of complex heritage — Scottish, French, Irish, German, and, farther back, Danish-Viking — I have zero tolerance for notions of racial or ethnic purity. I revel in Canada's diversity: cultural, racial, linguistic — the more you show me, the better I like it.

That explains why I was interested to learn that in the 1930s, when John Buchan was Governor General of Canada, he told a gathering of Manitoba farmers: "You will all be better Canadians for being also good Ukrainians." Scottish-born and raised, Buchan added: "Every Briton, and especially every Scotsman, must believe that the strongest nations are those made up of different racial elements."

Buchan showed a prescient grasp of Canadian diversity. Contemporary Canada enjoys a coherent mainstream culture — one that rejects cockfighting, for example, or Islamic *shariah* law — while remaining both multicultural and multiracial. And for that we have the Scots to thank.

Buchan wasn't the only Scot of that period to champion Canadian pluralism. In 1935, for instance, Watson Kirkconnell — a third-generation Scottish immigrant — published *Canadian Overtones*, an anthology of poems translated from Icelandic, Norwegian, Hungarian, Italian, Greek, and Ukrainian. Three years later, John Murray Gibbon, born in Ceylon of Scottish parents and educated in Scotland, published *Canadian Mosaic*, whose title and thesis would resonate for decades.

Were the 1930s exceptional? Consider John George Diefenbaker, a hybrid Scot who served as prime minister in the 1960s. His father was of German ancestry, but his mother was descended from a Selkirk settler, George Bannerman, who emigrated from Scotland in the early 1800s. Diefenbaker himself was known to sport a kilt.

History buffs will recall that "Dief" came out of retirement to oppose his own party's two nations policy. This fierce Scottish-Canadian objected to the idea that two founding peoples had been joined by people from many lands. He felt this gave special status to British or French Canadians while relegating others to a secondary position. And he insisted that Canadian citizenship should not depend on race, colour, or origin.

John Buchan

CANADIAN PRESS

He and Buchan were preaching from the same unwritten Scottish-Canadian guidebook to pluralism introduced to Canada in the 1700s. Check out the classic *Many Tender Ties: Women in Fur-Trade Society, 1670–1870* by historian Sylvia Van Kirk. She writes of numerous "country marriages" between Scottish fur-traders and Native women. Some were exploitive, but others produced spectacular results.

Look at Cuthbert Grant. Born in 1793 in a fur-trade post between Winnipeg and Saskatoon, he was the son of a Scottish fur trader and a mother of Cree and French heritage. Young Cuthbert was taken east, baptized into the Scottish Presbyterian Church, and then sent to Scotland for schooling.

Back in Canada, Grant worked for the North West Company and became a controversial figure when a struggle in Red River (Winnipeg) pitted Scottish fur traders against Scottish settlers. At that point, the Métis did not think of themselves as a distinct and separate people, but simply as fur traders. The multilingual Grant, born a half-century before Louis Riel, made the Métis aware of themselves as a people when he recruited them to fight for the North West Company. In a sense, this hybrid Scot was the father of the Métis nation.

Now, you might argue that the key cultural influences on Grant were French and Cree. Perhaps. But ponder then the similar example of another paragon of Scots pluralism: James Douglas.

Born in 1803 in British Guiana (now Guyana), Douglas was the son of a wealthy Glasgow merchant and a Creole woman. As a boy, he attended school in Lanark, Scotland, and then studied French with a tutor in England. At sixteen, he joined the North West Company as an apprentice. After marrying the half-Native daughter of a leading trader, he made the 1820s transition to the Hudson's Bay Company and became known as "the Scotch West Indian."

Transferred to the West Coast, Douglas became a chief factor in 1839. While based in what is now the United States, he denounced slavery, championed Native rights, and established Fort Victoria on Vancouver Island. As governor of that island and of mainland British Columbia, he battled American incursions and retained the Pacific seaboard for the British Crown. In 1871, already famous as the "Father of British Columbia," this Scotch West Indian orchestrated the entry of B.C. into Confederation.

Like Grant, Douglas emerged from the fur trade. But if anyone suggests that Scottish-Canadian pluralism was confined to that enterprise, ask them to explain Major John

Norton. He was a Scottish Cherokee who became a hero during the War of 1812. Norton was born near Dunfermline, north of Edinburgh, in the late 1760s. His father was a pure-blood Cherokee and his mother was the daughter of a Scottish farmer named John Anderson.

In 1785, Norton arrived in Quebec as a British army private. He became an interpreter in the Indian Department of Upper Canada (Ontario) and then a protégé of Mohawk Captain Joseph Brant, who made him a powerful chief among the Six Nations of the Iroquois. In 1804, while visiting England to negotiate treaties for the Iroquois, Norton became friends with British evangelicals working to abolish the slave trade and translated the biblical gospels into the Mohawk language.

When Americans invaded Canada in 1812, Norton commanded fighters from the Six Nations and played a crucial role in the British victory at Queenston Heights.

I could go on and on. It's clear that as Canada took shape, the Scots both preached diversity and practised it. But to make it an official model for the nation, the country required a legislator. And surprise, in Prime Minister Pierre Elliott Trudeau, the Scots provided one. Trudeau's father was a French-Canadian businessman, but his Scottish-heritage mother, Grace Elliott, grew up speaking little French, while shining as a Highland dancer.

Was it his mother's influence that prompted Trudeau in 1971 to set up a Royal Commission to examine "the whole question of cultural and ethnic pluralism in this country?"

Certainly, he took great pride in both the French and Scottish sides of his family tree. In *Just Watch Me*, biographer John English devotes several pages to Trudeau's shining moment during the 1980 Quebec referendum battle, when the prime minister responded to a taunt about his mixed, half-Scottish heritage: "Of course my name is Pierre Elliott Trudeau," he said. "Yes, Elliott was my mother's name. It was the name borne by the Elliotts who came to Canada more than two hundred years ago.... My name is a Quebec name, but my name is a Canadian name...."

Two years later, in 1982, this Scottish-French-Canadian gave Canada its own Constitution with a charter of individual rights and freedoms.

So there you have it. The Scots and their descendants preached Canadian diversity. They practised it, and eventually they legislated it into existence. Where I come from, that means they invented it.

Ken McGoogan will publish *How the Scots Invented Canada* in October (HarperCollins Canada). He joins *Canada's History* as a regular commentator on Canadian history.

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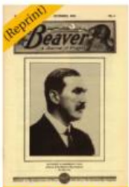

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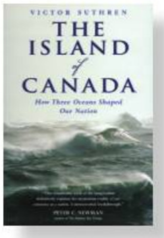

WATER LOGGED

The Island of Canada:
How Three Oceans Shaped Our Nation
by Victor Suthren
Thomas Allen Publishers, Toronto, 2009
384 pp., illus., $24.95 paperback

There is a certain irony that the review for a book, whose thesis is that the most important and influential aspect of Canada's history are its three seacoasts, was assigned to someone who lives in the Rocky Mountains, about as landlocked as you can imagine. After a little chuckle about that, my wife half-jokingly pointed out that the very mountains out our window were once the floor of an ancient sea, as was much of the prairie to the east.

The premise behind Victor Suthren's intriguing new book *The Island of Canada: How Three Oceans Shaped Our Nation* is simple and compelling: that we have the longest and most geographically diverse coastline of any nation on earth, and that this extensive, beautiful, and dangerous coastal geography has produced a remarkable maritime heritage and has had a profound impact on the history of our nation.

To illustrate this point, Suthren begins thousands of years ago with the migrations of First Peoples south along the Pacific coast during the ice ages. He progresses to the Norse exploration and settlement at L'Anse aux Meadows in Newfoundland, the first European explorers of the St. Lawrence, the quest for the Northwest Passage, and much, much more.

Setting aside any lingering landlubber quibbles about historically important events that have little direct relevance to the sea — Louis Riel and his rebellion, the hunting of millions of plains bison to near extinction and replacing them with cattle, the quest to blast the CPR through the Rockies, or Alberta's nation-changing oil and gas discoveries come immediately to mind — Suthren does a good job of justifying his thesis. Whether one accepts it without reservation is beside the point — it is a solid concept for a fine book that explores a wide-ranging smorgasbord of Canada's history.

I particularly appreciated Suthren's broad, sweeping backstory, much of it taking place in Europe and the Mediterranean, which provides a firm explanation for why many of these voyages in Canada's waters were taking place. He remedies a problem I notice frequently in Canadian historical writing: a failure to connect events in Canada to global forces, as if we exist independent of rest of the world.

At times Suthren's writing made me smile in appreciation of a well-crafted sentence. A couple of examples: "On this tidal wave of curiosity, commercial avarice, religious fervour and sudden technical improvements, the Portuguese led Europe to sea in a great exploratory emergence even as, halfway round the world, the Chinese were leaving their ships and looking inward." And: "It is ironic that these northern Canadian waters, once explored at such human and material cost simply because they might serve as a route to riches elsewhere, are about to be contested for because of the riches they themselves retain."

The minor issues that I had with the book stem from the ambitious and wide-ranging concept. By covering such a great time period, no particular story can be fully explored and much personal or biographical information about the intriguing characters is necessarily omitted. While Suthren's prose is clear, lively, and insightful, it is primarily about ideas rather than people in a biographical sense. This is not a bad thing, but it is worth noting: *The Island of Canada* is not a gripping, page-turning narrative, but rather a lively essay.

There was also some overlap and repetition caused by the structure of the book. Ordered chronologically and geographically, some information logically fits into more than one category or chapter. I won't say this is a flaw, because as a writer I can appreciate struggling with the same dilemma, but it does provide a few déjà vu moments.

Even for those well-read in Canadian history, *The Island of Canada* is an excellent contribution to the understanding of Canada's past. It is written for, and deserves to find, a wide readership. Anyone who appreciates "the magazine formerly known as *The Beaver*" will find much to enjoy in this book.

Reviewed by **Stephen R. Bown**, the author of *Madness, Betrayal and the Lash: The Epic Voyage of Captain George Vancouver* and most recently *Merchant Kings: When Companies Ruled the World, 1600–1900*.

More Books

RELENTLESS
CHANGE

Relentless Change:
A Casebook for the Study of Canadian Business History
by Joe Martin
University of Toronto Press, Toronto, 2009
384 pp., $39.95 paperback

Joe Martin's *Relentless Change* is a casebook for business students interested in competitive strategy and organizational-change management. It is also a unique historical account of how thirteen significant Canadian business events have influenced the country's development.

In the book's introduction, Martin explains that sustainable economic growth is influenced by four variables: political systems, entrepreneurship, financial systems, and managerial capacity. Canadian history frequently delves into the first two, but rarely explores the others — presumably because there are fewer stories to tell or lessons to teach.

Relentless Change challenges our preconceptions, beginning with the very first study, by Robert M. McIntosh, on the Bank Act of 1871. This section provides an engaging history of early banking systems in Canada, while another study looks at the more recent evolution of a system that has become a model for the rest of the world.

The book examines key decision-making moments over 150 years of Canadian business history, including events at the Hudson's Bay Company, the CNR, Eaton's, Inco, Confederation Life, and present-day oil sands company Canadian Natural Resources Ltd.

Martin works closely with several other writers, blending well-researched historical introductions with a style that draws readers in as active decision-makers. It's a different approach to history, but well worth the read — even if you aren't looking to complete your MBA. **— D.M.**

Quebec: The Story of Three Sieges
by Stephen Manning
McGill-Queen's University Press, Montreal, 2009
220 pp., illus., $34.95 hardcover

The Battle of the Plains of Abraham is one of the defining moments in both Quebec and Canadian history. The story of the siege of Quebec, and the city's ultimate capture by British troops in 1759, is well-known.

What isn't as well understood is that this was only one chapter in the story of the battle for the great North American fortress. In *Quebec: The Story of Three Sieges*, Stephen Manning details the 1759 battle for Quebec, but also the 1760 attempt by French forces to recapture the city, as well as a 1775 attack by Benedict Arnold during the American Revolution.

Manning, an honorary visiting professor of history at the University of Exeter in England, specializes in Victorian military history. While he offers new insights on the battles from his vantage point across the pond, it's jarring to Canadian ears when he uses American terminology to describe the fight for Quebec — for instance, he constantly refers to the conflict as the "French and Indian War," rather than the "Seven Year's War."

The book nonetheless provides a good starting point for information on the many clashes for the city of Quebec. **— M.R.**

The Forgotten Peace: Mediation at Niagara Falls, 1914
by Michael Small
University of Ottawa Press, Ottawa, 2009
152 pp., illus., $24 paperback

Overshadowed in most history books by the First World War, the Mexican Revolution had a curious connection to Canada that is examined by Michael Small in his new book *The Forgotten Peace*.

In 1914, with American Marines occupying the port of Veracruz and with the United States and Mexico on the verge of war, the two countries accepted a joint offer of mediation from Argentina, Brazil, and Chile. The site chosen for the peace conference was the Clifton Hotel in Niagara Falls, Ontario.

"For Canadians," Small notes, "the confer-

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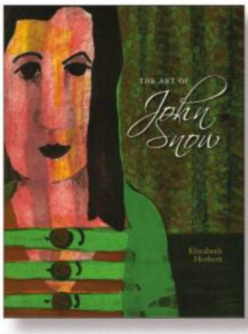

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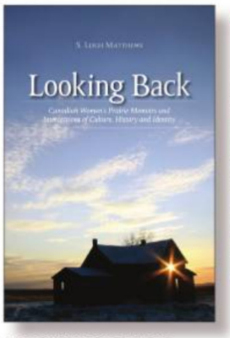

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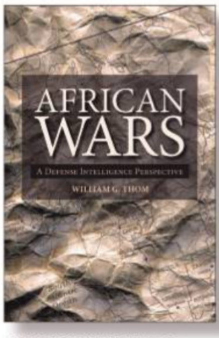

SEPTEMBER 2010

This riveting memoir from a former Pentagon senior military analyst for sub-Saharan Africa offers a penetrating analysis of major African wars during the past four decades.

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BY WILLIAM G. THOM

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ence provided an unexpected spectacle on their doorstep, combining high diplomacy and low intrigue around the gardens and cataracts of Canada's most famous natural attraction."

While the conference ended with high hopes, it was in the end largely irrelevant. The civil war in Mexico carried on and American-Mexican relations continued to be tense.

Given the conflicts in which our country now finds itself engaged, Small's resurrection of Canada's foray into mediation-hosting is an important gesture. **— J.R.**

The Indian Commissioners: Agents of the State and Indian Policy in Canada's Prairie West, 1873–1932
by Brian Titley
University of Alberta Press,
Edmonton, 2009
266 pp., illus., $39.95 paperback

Negotiating the Numbered Treaties: An Intellectual and Political Biography of Alexander Morris
by Robert J. Talbot
Purich Publishing Ltd., Saskatoon, 2009
224 pp., illus., $27 paperback

Don't be fooled by the dull title. University of Lethbridge professor Brian Titley's *The Indian Commissioners* fleshes out the personalities of the bureaucrats who were in charge during a cataclysmic period for Native peoples in Western Canada.

With the formerly vast buffalo herds gone — due to over-hunting by Europeans and the pressure to clear the prairies for farming — once proud and independent peoples suddenly found themselves wards of the state, reluctantly signing treaties and relying on meagre government handouts to avoid starvation.

The men sent west from Ottawa to deal with the tribes were a mixed lot. J.A.N. Provencher, the Manitoba Indian commissioner, was a hard-drinking, high-living bon vivant from Montreal who was drummed out of office for corruption and incompetence in 1878. Yet he expressed surprisingly enlightened views for his time. For instance, he thought Natives should keep their own languages.

David Laird became Indian superintendent for the Northwest in 1876. He was a dour, straight-laced Presbyterian from Prince Edward Island who took on the thankless task with grim fortitude. Laird did his best to make the former buffalo hunters into farmers, but Ottawa was slow and cheap when it came to supplying the livestock and implements promised in the treaties.

Another commissioner, English adventurer and sportsman Edgar Dewdney, is notable for having decided on "industrial schools" for Native children. These regimented, church-run schools, originally designed for wayward youth and criminals in England, became the system of choice for educating Aboriginal children well into the twentieth century.

Titley's book offers engaging insight into the historical underpinnings of Aboriginal issues that resonate deeply today. If his overview fuels an interest in further reading on this topic, the place to turn might be Robert J. Talbot's biography of Alexander Morris, the main Crown negotiator of the western treaties.

Morris has been a lightening rod for criticism of the way the treaties were made, but in *Negotiating the Numbered Treaties* Talbot takes a more sympathetic view of the man.

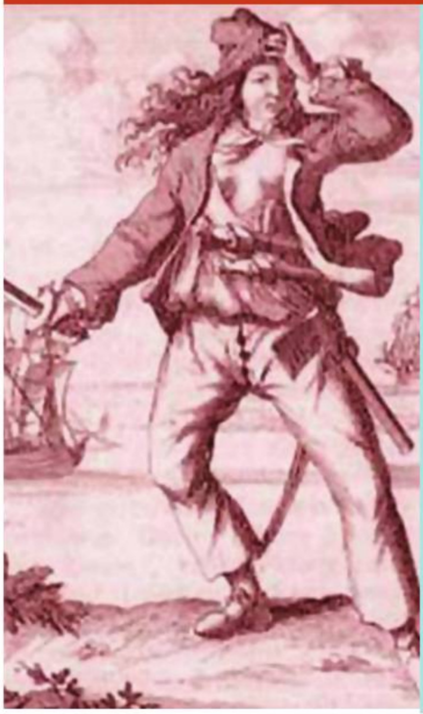
Talbot argues that the chiefs who signed the treaties did so as shrewd negotiators who were making the best of a difficult situation. He argues that they were not, as they have often been portrayed, ignorant of what they were doing. **— N.O.**

LABOUR PAINS

Labour Pains: Thunder Bay's Working Class in Canada's Wheat Boom Era
by Jean Morrison
Thunder Bay Historical Museum Society,
Thunder Bay, Ontario, 2009
176 pp., illus., $14.95 paperback

Prior to World War I, as Canada enjoyed a financial high from the wheat boom, it lured

Coming in the next issue of Canada's History



She Pirate

Maria Lindsey Cobham was a ruthless female pirate said to have terrorized Canada's East Coast in the 1700s.
by Paul Dalby

CIA Connection

A Canadian professor's groundbreaking experiments in sensory deprivation led to new and disturbing methods of interrogation.
by Cecil Rosner

The Postcard's Golden Age

There was a time when postcard collecting was all the rage — in fact, it was a worldwide addiction.
by Barbara Fear

people from many other nations with the promise of free land and a better way of life.

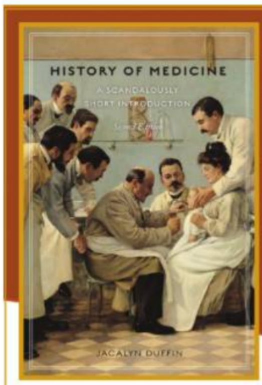
Newcomers responded to the need for cheap labour and filled jobs created by profit-seeking entrepreneurs. Uprooted from their homelands, many endured meagre pay and rising prices — a combination that soon erupted into social disharmony, labour unrest, violence, and eventually military action.

Thunder Bay, Ontario — at that time the separate cities of Port Arthur and Fort William — experienced a large portion of this social discontent. The Twin Cities emerged "as key transshipment points for western and eastern freight in Canada's east-west rail and water transportation system," notes author Jean Morrison.

Her book *Labour Pains* explores the city's industry, unions, politics, and people during this time of boom and bust. She describes the division between English-speaking tradespeople and labourers and newcomers from countries such as Finland, Ukraine, and Italy.

Morrison also discusses the rise of organized labour, which saw both violent and peaceful strikes. The book concludes with the formation of the Finnish and English-speaking woman's suffrage movements and the 1914 depression.

Peppered with historic photos, *Labour Pains* is a thorough and interesting examination of a period in Thunder Bay's history that saw both turbulence and cooperation. — **B.T.**



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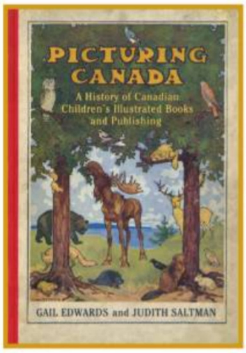
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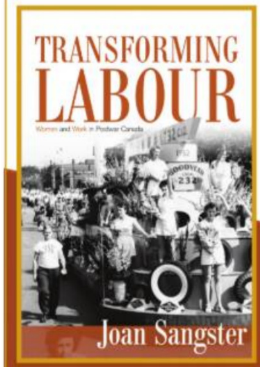

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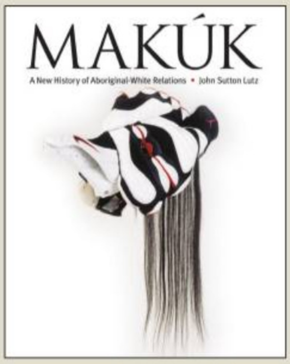
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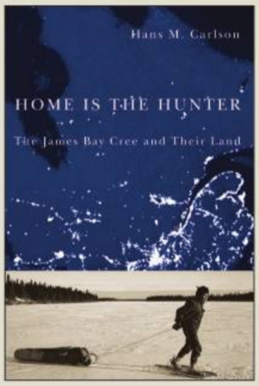
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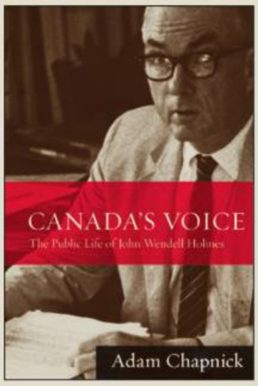
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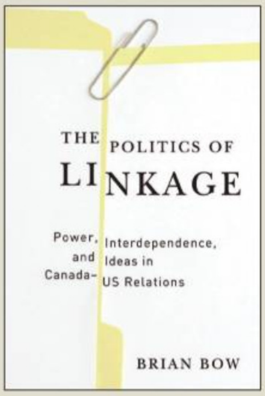
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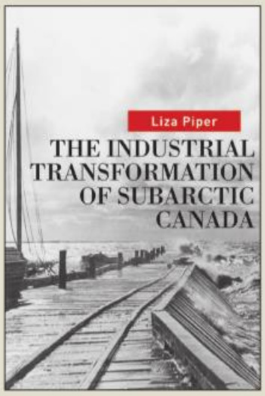
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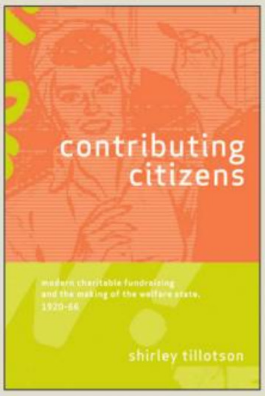
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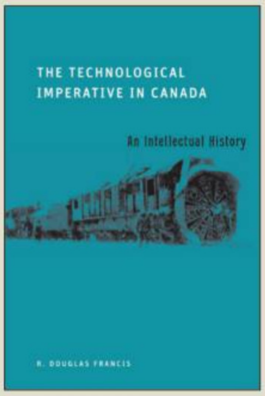
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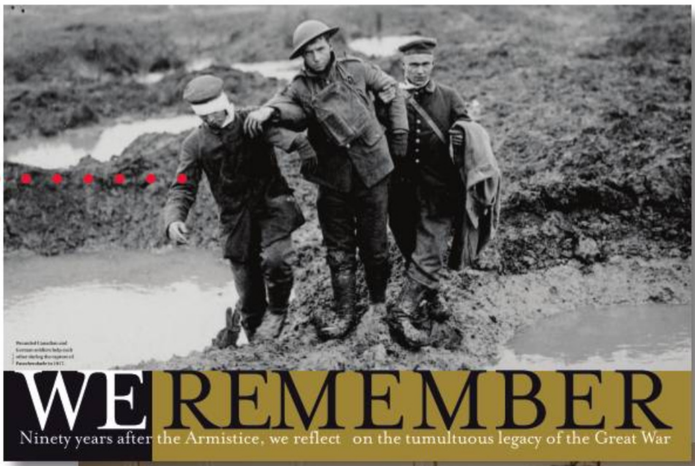

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CANADA'S
HISTORY

Gopher the fun of it

A trio of quirky museums makes for a wild trip through southern Alberta. by Eric Rumble

A Richardson's ground squirrel dressed as a mountie — one of the wacky displays at the Gopher Hole Museum in Torrington, Alberta.

CANADIAN PRESS

What do you get when you cross a taxidermist, a creation scientist, and an intrepid paleontologist? No, it's not a morbid, morally agitated egghead in taupe fatigues. You get three cosmically different takes on life in the past that will tickle, test, and widen your mind, all of them exclusive to southern Alberta.

Your first stop on this tour is the Gopher Hole Museum, located about 130 kilometres northeast of Calgary in a small, archetypal prairie town called Torrington. The museum's forty-five dioramas cheekily depict the community's social anchors, such as curling at the rink, a sleepy church sermon, a meal at Barrie & Bernie's Diner, and, fittingly, a divisive PETA protest.

The animal rights demonstration is fitting because the seventy-one inert characters that populate the scenes are all stuffed Richardson's ground squirrels. They're dressed in miniature costumes to match their painted backdrops and are paired with props from locals' toy collections. It's taxidermy turned into homespun, hokey comedy. A word bubble inside the hair salon scene reads, "I'm a beautician, not a magician."

Still, there's a serious side to it all. Gophers have been a menace since prairie settlement, destroying crops with such voracity that their tails won bounties from the late 1800s onward. Torrington's museum was shamelessly created to turn pest control into modest tourism revenue, but not without quarrel. Be sure to check out the scrapbook of press clippings and letters of love and loathing.

About an hour's drive northeast of Torrington, in a town called Big Valley, is another controversial, one-of-a-kind attraction.

The Big Valley Creation Science Museum was conceived as a sort of retort to evolution. It calls into question everything from the geological column, to carbon dating, to genome science. The annotated, glass-encased displays offer a window into an alternative perspective that doesn't usually come with such attention to detail. For instance, the "Dinosaurs and Humans" display shows "considerable evidence" that dinosaurs existed recently and that they co-existed with people.

"We're not telling anybody what to believe," insists museum founder Harry Nibourg, "we're just presenting the evidence that creationism is true."

Your next destination is located a couple of hundred kilometres to the southeast. Procure a bed and breakfast in Patricia at the Patricia Hotel, a jovial and rough-hewn cowboy saloon with branded tables and plenty of old photos. It features grill-your-own beef and buffalo.

In the morning, head east to where the sparse, endless pastures suddenly transform into an undulating wonderland of hoodoos, rills, and tunnels.

Dinosaur Provincial Park was recognized thirty years ago as a UNESCO World Heritage Site for its massive fossil content, its vibrant river habitat (groves of cottonwoods that support some two hundred species of birds, many endangered), and for being Canada's largest badlands area. The stunning landscape might be crawling with hiking, picnicking, and camping tourists, but you can escape the deluge and delve into the park's inner workings on a Bonebed 30 guided excavation.

Launched in 2009, these exclusive full-day tours lead small groups of amateurs on a real dinosaur dig, where they work hands-on in a research quarry with the same tools and techniques as professionals.

Seventy-five million years ago this landscape was a subtropical plain on the coast of an inland seaway joining the Gulf of Mexico and the Arctic Ocean. All of the park's dinosaur remains are extracted from the eighty-metre mid-section of sand, silt, clay, and volcanic sedimentary rock. Bonebed 30 groups focus on a specific section that is known to contain juvenile centrosaurus fossils. (Centrosaurus was a horned, beak-jawed herbivore, a considerably smaller relative of the triceratops.)

During the summer of 2009, Bonebed 30 field trips unearthed twenty-one specimens, including three teeth, a rib, a nasal horn core, and a large body cavity section. Officials hope to discover larger finds this summer as groups probe deeper into the bedrock.

Whatever the outcome of your dig, these three only-in-Alberta attractions will overturn stones that are worlds apart.

Eric Rumble is a contributing editor for *up!* magazine, WestJet's inflight publication. His freelance articles have appeared in *Saturday Night*, the *National Post*, *Adbusters*, *Swerve*, and *THIS Magazine*.

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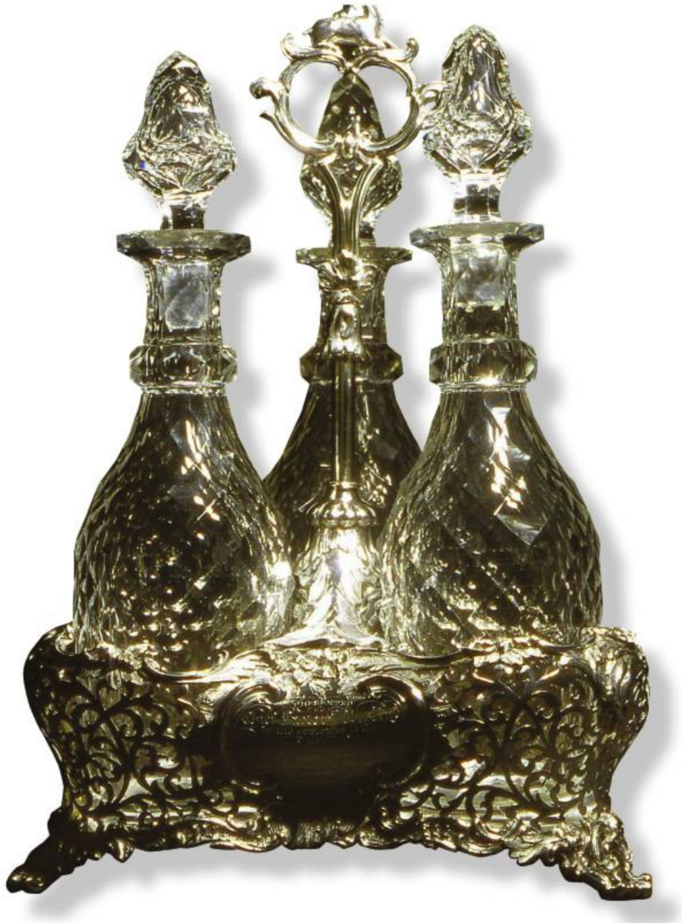
From the rich legacy of the Hudson's Bay Company



Liquor stand and decanter

This ornate liquor stand and decanter was inscribed with the words "Presented to Chief Factor John Rae by the Officers of the Hudson's Bay Company attached to the McKenzie River District as a token of their respect and esteem." Rae took charge of the Mackenzie River District at Fort Simpson, Northwest Territories, in 1849.

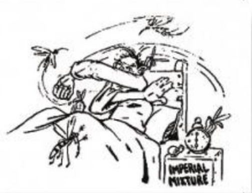
MANITOBA MUSEUM

In The Beaver ...

90 years ago

When you're batchin'

The November 1920 issue featured a poem about Hudson's Bay Company outpost life. Written by George Souter, some verses still ring true today, such as the opening: "At 6 a.m. each mornin' you must jump right out of bed/While millions of mosquitoes come abuzzin' round your head/And for each bite that lands, there are correspondin' dead/When you're batchin' at an Outpost in Keewatin."



60 years ago

Jekyll and Hyde of the North

The wolf: Playful as a puppy, or sneaky as a snake? Trapper Angus F. McIver demonstrates both in the December 1950 issue. McIver considered wolves unpredictable creatures and ends on a chilling note: "Manitoban reports show their numbers to be alarmingly on the increase. ... What can be done to clear the country of this rapacious animal?"

30 years ago

Honouring the animals

The Spring 1980 issue paid tribute to the three thousand pack animals that died in treacherous mountain passes during the Yukon Gold Rush. The article mentions a plaque dedicated to the animals, which begins with the words "The Dead Are Speaking." The plaque, placed in 1929, is located 2,000 feet above the aptly named Dead Horse Gulch, Alaska.

The Hudson's Bay Company, founded in 1670, helped build the nation we today call Canada. To explore the rich history and heritage of the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as to read stories from ninety years of its flagship magazine *The Beaver*, go to: **CanadasHistory.ca**

Oh, Canada!

Canadians have rarely sung from the same songsheet when it comes to our anthem. by Deborah Morrison

Like most Canadians, I was initially surprised by the announcement in the recent throne speech that the Harper government planned to review the lyrics to our national anthem.

As I'm notorious for referring to mixed crowds of friends and colleagues as "you guys," the gender-and-language debate was never something that preoccupied me. But then again, thanks to the all-girls school I attended, I learned a bilingual version of the anthem — singing the first verse in French. So for most of my life I've never sung the line "in all thy sons command."

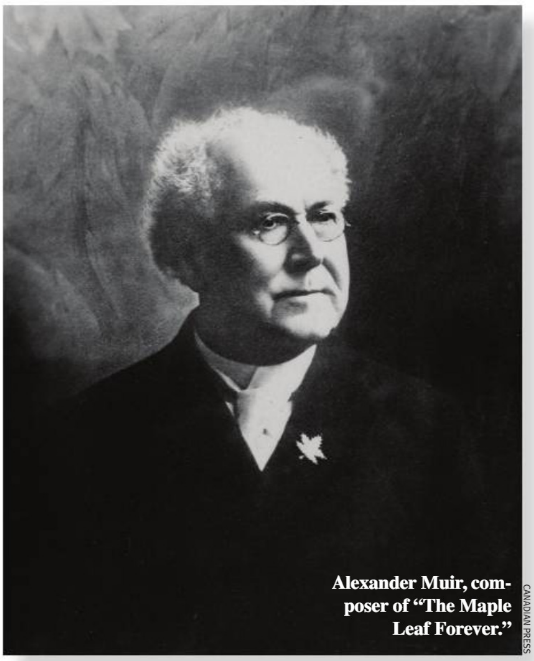
How did the issue ever make it onto the priorities for the throne speech in the first place? And if it was that important, why was it so quickly punted back out to left field by our prime minister?

Conservative Senator Nancy Ruth is widely attributed as the driving force behind the announcement. She believes Prime Minister Harper initially agreed to review the lyrics because she'd made a logical case for doing so.

"It was the right thing to do. The purpose was to include women … like the women athletes who stood so proudly on the [Olympic] podium for us." She believes the media's focus on the proposed wording is what caused the issue to go off-track.

Changing a national anthem has never been a popular move. Case in point: In the 1920s, many were upset when it was suggested that "God Save the Queen" be replaced by a more uniquely "Canadian" song, such as "The Maple Leaf Forever," written in the 1867.

"The Maple Leaf Forever" was especially unpopular among French Canadians, who didn't see themselves represented in the lyrics — even after composer Alexander Muir changed them to include "lily" in the following phrase: "Here may it wave, our boast, our pride, and join in love together/ The Lily, Thistle, Shamrock, Rose, the Maple Leaf forever."



Alexander Muir, composer of "The Maple Leaf Forever."

CANADIAN PRESS

Meanwhile, "O! Canada," a French song composed in 1880 for the St. Jean-Baptiste Day celebrations in Quebec City, has seen several different English translations. Robert Stanley Weir's version, created for Quebec's tricentennial celebrations in 1908, became a favourite, but it took until 1980 for there to be enough consensus to adopt it as our national anthem.

Even then, there were last-minute changes. Politicians of the day seized the opportunity to replace some redundant "Stand on guards" with the lines "From far and wide" and "God keep our land." The outrage then was as fierce as it was a few months ago when Harper announced the review of the current lyrics.

David Kendall, a self-described "anthemologist" and webmaster of www.nationalanthems.info, says Australians, whose anthem evolution is eerily parallel to ours, were wise to address the gender issue before their anthem became the official one.

Kendall says it is much harder to have the debate after the fact, because once "it's official, change will be harder."

In Australia's case, "God Save The Queen" was confirmed as the Royal Anthem, and a modified version of "Advance Australia Fair" became the national anthem. The line "Australia's sons let us rejoice" was replaced with "Australians all let us rejoice." Now, while some Australians — both men and women — may still be outraged at the change, I'd guess the majority of Australians can't recall that there were ever different words.

The only constant seems to be England, where the national anthem remains "God Save the Queen." Having the lyrical flexibility to save both "Queen" and "King" has done them no harm since the anthem first came into use in 1745.

Perhaps that explains why the more gender-biased "Land of Hope and Glory" has had so much trouble gaining popularity as an alternative? ●

Deborah Morrison is the Publisher, President and CEO of Canada's History.

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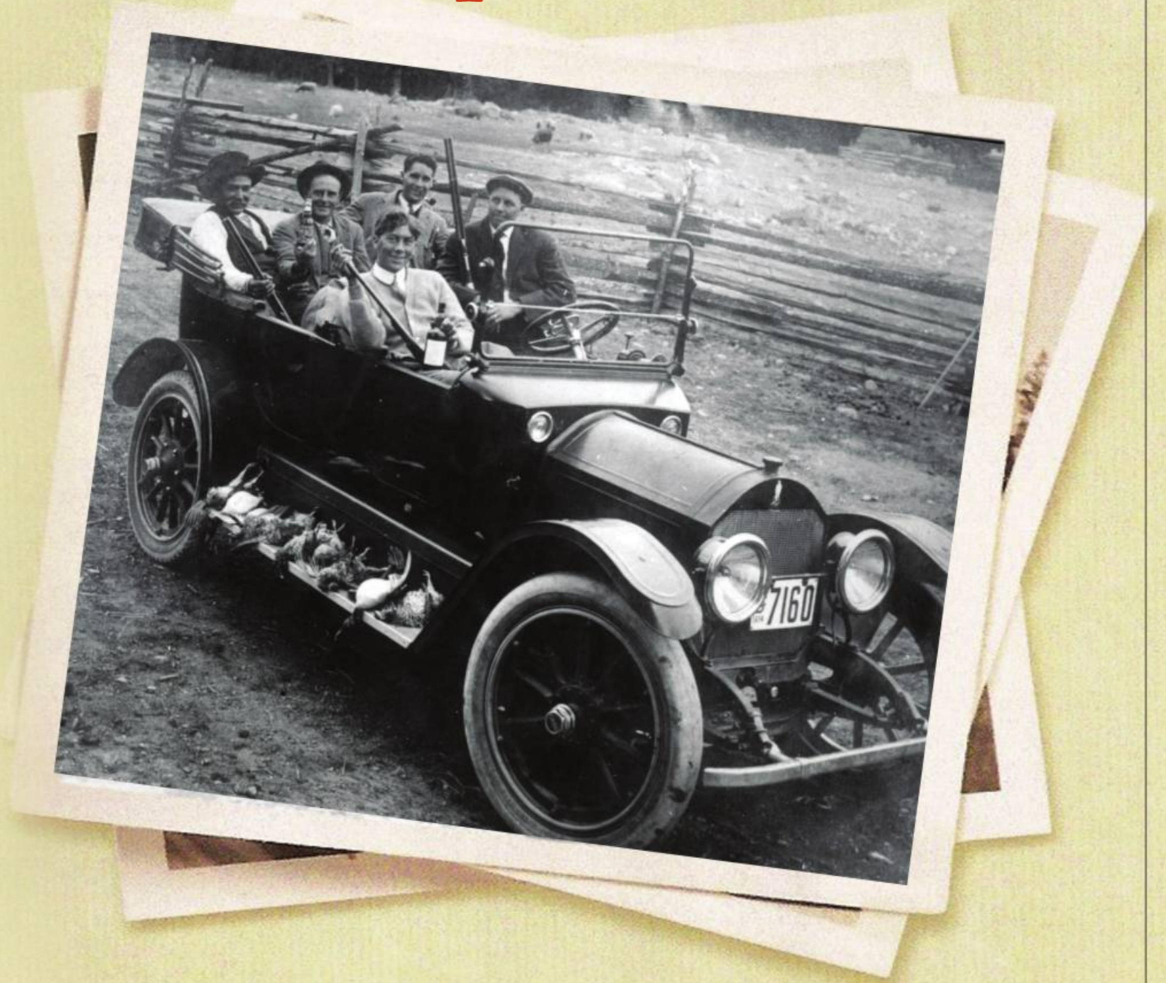
Harold Birkett was Muriel Pope's first husband. Muriel's daughter Daphne Randall, who lives in Westbury, Wiltshire, U.K., submitted this photo. Text by Danielle Conolly.

The sportsmen



Harold Birkett, the young man smoking the pipe, came to Canada in 1908 to farm. However, he settled in British Columbia's Okanagan Valley, where he managed a boathouse.

On this beautiful B.C. afternoon in 1914, Birkett relaxes with his friends after a day of bird hunting. The catch of the day is proudly displayed on the car's running board.

Partridges, blue grouse, quail, ducks, geese, and pheasants are still hunted in B.C. Like today's hunters, the group favoured using shotguns, which fire many small pellets, increasing the likelihood of bringing down quarry.

Pheasants, however, are not native to British Columbia. The popular European game bird was successfully introduced to the province in 1883, and hunting seasons began as early as 1913. A provincial report on pheasant populations in the area listed their peak between 1938 and 1947, after which time the population began to decline.

Sadly, these friends would soon experience loss. Harold Birkett would be killed in France, at the Battle of the Somme, two years after this photo was taken.

Do you have an old photograph that captures a moment, important or ordinary, in Canada's history? To submit it for possible publication, send a good quality copy (please don't send originals) and mail to Album, c/o Canada's History, P.O. Box 56060, Portage Place RPO, Winnipeg, MB R3B 0G9 or email to album@CanadasHistory.ca. Include a brief description of the photo with date, location, identity of people, and the event, if possible. To have your posted submission returned, please include a stamped, self-addressed envelope. **To view more Album photos online go to: CanadasHistory.ca**

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